THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. HENRY PETERSON & CO., Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1866. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 2224. Single Number 5 Cents.

SPRING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The yellow skies at eventide,
The morning's crimson glow—
The bare brown rocks that peep above
The swiftly less'ning snow—
The swelling buds upon the trees,
The mellow heat at noon,
Are sweet and subtle prophecies
That Spring is coming soon.

The sparkling brooks freed from the ice
That bound their gentle flow—
The stars as soft as eyes of love—
The southern winds that blow—
The breathe of balm from spicy climes,
Like the sweet air of June—
Speak unto us the welcome truth
That Spring is coming soon.

The early robin on the elm,
The blue bird in the hedge—
The rippling of the forest spring
Adown the mossy ledge—
The purple haze that veils by night
Between us and the moon—
All, all suggest the pleasant thought
That Spring is coming soon.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTORS AND CAPTIVES.

"I think our friends are having a little sport up yonder," said Hampton, glancing up the hill; "suppose we go up and join them and see what it is?"

"Oh, yes," returned Isaline, starting forward with an eagerness that too clearly betrayed her feelings.

Hampton was instantly at her side, but an angry frown was on his brow.

"One might almost fancy you were anxious to get away from me," he said.

Isaline saw at once the mistake she had made, and the tell-tale blood sprung into her cheeks, as she rejoined:

"I am anxious to see what is taking place."

"I suppose there is one there who interests you more than myself!" said the other, watching her closely.

"I will not deny, Mr. Hampton," returned Isaline, frankly, "that I take a great interest in Henry Colburn; and I could not do otherwise without being ungrateful; for he has not only been very kind to me, but has perilled his life to save mine."

"Yes, first got you into difficulty and then tried to get you out—wonderful magnanimity!" sneered the other.

"It was my fault that I turned off from the train," said Isaline, quietly.

"Of course—I understand—he is always right in your eyes—a paragon of excellence!"

To this Isaline made no reply, feeling that nothing she could say would tend to make matters any better.

"I must get rid of that fellow!" was the dark thought now uppermost in the mind of Hampton.

Nothing more was said till they reached the top of the hill, where Isaline was pained beyond measure at seeing Henry, with a face red and swollen, as if from blows, bound to a sapling, with his arms tightly corded behind his back, and the Indians and the white men standing together in a group, a short distance from him, evidently holding a serious consultation.

"What is it, Blodget?" asked Hampton, as he drew near.

The latter turned around, and showed a bloody, swollen nose, and an eye nearly closed.

"See where the ——— scoundrel struck me!" he said, gnashing his teeth.

"Ough! I'm down go!" grunted Methoto.

"Did he really knock you down?" inquired Hampton, in a condoling tone, but scarcely able to repress a smile at the doleful appearance of the doer.

"He struck me, my foot slipped, and I fell!" replied Blodget, not caring to admit what might have seemed to compliment too highly the strength and skill of his adversary.

"And that is what the Indians were laughing at?"

"Yes!" snapped Blodget.

"But what caused him to him to strike you?"

"Oh, just a little playful joke of mine! I was just feeling his arms, and telling him how nice they'd crackle when he'd come to be burnt at the stake—that's all!"

"It is strange he should have got angry at a little innocent fun like that," smiled Hampton, "and I am surprised you didn't punish him on the spot!"

"I'd have killed him," returned Blodget, fiercely, "only the Indians wouldn't let me; but I pommeled his face to my satisfaction!"

Isaline, who heard all this, groaned in spirit; but she made no remark, feeling how useless were mere words with such villains.

The savages, who were evidently holding an important consultation when thus interrupted, waited patiently till Blodget had finished his conversation with Hampton, and then said something to him in their own language, to which he replied, and immediately gave his whole attention to them. After this, not many words were exchanged, for they all appeared to be of one mind; and the matter, which evidently related to their next movements, was soon settled. They then released Henry from the tree, but kept his arms corded, and, forming themselves in single file, placed him in the centre, with Blodget close behind him and Methoto next, leaving Hampton to bring up the rear with his prisoner, or follow in what manner he might choose.

"Look'e here," said Blodget to Colburn, with the spiteful malice of a brutal wretch, "I don't owe you any good will, as you know, and some day I'll make you feel it! What I want of you now is, to mind and keep the file, or I'll just rap you over the head; and if you attempt to run, or dodge one side, I'll send a bullet through your back! Do you understand?"

"I understand!" replied Henry, quietly.

"And this to show you I'm in earnest!" added the cowardly villain, giving the other a rousing box on the ear.

Henry started, with a fierce strain on the cords that confined his wrists together behind him; but finding himself powerless to act, he immediately became very quiet; and the hot blood, which had sprung to his face, suddenly retreated and left it very pale.

"Oh, sir, can you permit such cruelty to a bound and unarmed prisoner?" said Isaline, almost convulsively clutching the arm of Hampton, and turning her white face pleadingly to his.

"I have no power over him; he is not my prisoner; my stipulation only extended to your own sweet self!" coolly replied Hampton.

"But you certainly have some influence with that man, and the Indians also, and you should use it for humanity's sake!"

"You mistake the extent of my influence, my dear girl, which, as I have already told you, only reaches to yourself," he quietly answered. "If I were to attempt to interfere with them, in their affairs, I should open the door for them to do the same in mine, and that might come time be the worse for you."

"And what are you going to do with me?" inquired the poor girl, making a great struggle with herself to appear calm and composed "where are you taking me to now?"

"I do not exactly know what the Indians have decided on; but I judge they intend striking off across the country, with the view of joining the main body."

"And are you going to keep with them?"

"Why, where else should I go?"

"I thought you were at liberty to separate from them!"

"Hardly that, I think!" answered Hampton; "and if I were, where should I go?"

Isaline shuddered and turned deathly pale. The horrible truth was dawning upon her. Hitherto, seeing Hampton and herself with so much freedom, she had not exactly felt herself a prisoner, except to him, and had contemplated for herself nothing more annoying and fearful than a solitary journey with him, instead of Henry, through the wilderness, to her father's home; but now she became truly alarmed, for the language led to the conviction that he intended going with the savages back into their own country.

"Surely, Mr. Hampton," she said, with trembling eagerness, "you will take me to some place—some station—where I can be sent forward to my father?"

"Why, as to that," he coolly replied, "I think not, under the circumstances. In fact it would hardly be prudent for me at present to put myself in the power of your friend with Kentucktaxe, who have a very unpleasant fashion of shooting or hanging any man they don't happen to fancy. Besides, I have risked everything to get possession of you—whom, I am sure, your father don't love with half the devotion I do—and to part with you now, and lose you forever, would render me perfectly miserable."

"Oh, my God!" groaned Isaline, clasping her hands; "am I really to be carried off among the Indians?"

"Why, that is nothing, my dear girl; they will not harm you; you are how friendly they are to us now, leaving us to do as we please; and besides, you must not forget that, where-ever you may go, I shall be with you—the true friend you have so long known—the man who, though I say it myself, loves you above all others!"

It was too much for poor Isaline: in spite of herself, nature would have her way; and suddenly covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

Charles Hampton did not chide her rudely, he continued the outward seeming of a gentleman; and he offered her a mock consolation, which was more difficult for her to bear up under than the sharpest words of displeasure would have been. For several minutes she cried and sobbed as if her heart would break; but at length her tears ceased to flow, and she gradually became calm again, at least in external appearance. After this a deathly pallor settled upon her beautiful features, which became rigid and marble-like, and she moved on steadily and uncomplainingly, asking no questions, making no remarks, seemingly undisturbed by any occurrence, and only speaking when so pointedly addressed that she could not well evade a brief answer.

The day was clear and warm, but not uncomfortable for travelling, and the Indians pushed forward at a brisk walk, in single file, evidently aiming to strike the great buffalo trace by a line nearly due east. In a little over an hour they reached it, and then all examined it eagerly for such signs as would give them information concerning their friends and decide their own course. They appeared to be rather disappointed—for instead of yells of triumph, they soon collected together for consultation, and spoke eagerly and gesticulated rapidly, often pointing in the direction of the ford.

"Well, Blodget, what is it? what do they make out?" asked Hampton, as soon as he could get an opportunity to call the decoy aside.

"Why, it seems the whites and Indians both have passed here, going toward the Blue Licks," was the reply; "but there are no signs that the latter have returned, and it's feared the warriors didn't get up in season to attack them before they crossed the river."

"I am sorry for that!" said Hampton. "Surely they had time enough after we left them, for the train was only a short distance ahead."

"I'm afraid they waited too long for the storm to pass over, while the others maybe pushed on, and perhaps crossed the river before the water got too high."

"A curse on the storm!" snarled Hampton; "and, saving your presence, a curse on their laziness! If they had attended to their business, as we did to ours, they would have had them all before this! You are sure they have passed this way?"

"Look for yourself! Don't you see the moccasin tracks?"

"But the whites wore moccasins too?"

"You don't know much about wilderness life," returned Blodget, with a rather contemptuous smile, "if you can't tell these tracks were left by Indian feet, and after the storm had nigh gone over too! Look at the horse tracks!—they're nearly all washed out, while the moccasin prints are a good deep depth."

"I can see the difference now," rejoined Hampton; "but, according to your showing, both must have gone over this ground while it was still raining, though the last some time later than the first."

"Yes, now you've got it!" said Blodget.

"But you are sure they have not returned?"

"Not by here, anyhow. There, see! the Indians are separating now, to strike off on either side and hunt for other signs!"

As he spoke, the savages indeed flew off in different directions from the beaten route, and were soon lost among the trees and bushes, Methoto also joining them, leaving only Blodget and Hampton with the two prisoners. Had Henry's arms then been free, he would have bounded away, at the risk of being shot down; but as it was, he leaned his back against a tree, and remained as passive as the most ordinary spectator, saying nothing, and apparently taking little or no interest in what was going on. Blodget kept his eye on him in a suspicious manner, and his rifle in his hands, ready for an instant shot, in case he should make the slightest attempt at escape. That there might be no mistake about it, he growled out:

"If you want to run, you young whelp, you can try it; but I tell you now I'm dead sure for a hundred yards, and I only want a good excuse for sending a bullet through your cursed head!"

Henry apparently took no notice of this threat, and kept perfectly silent. He did not even look at poor Isaline—she, for some time, stood like a marble statue, only a few paces from him—and she in turn scarcely glanced at him. The last two hours seemed to have worked a wonderful change in both.

At length, as if she felt the fatigue of standing too much for her, Isaline stepped back to a stone, seated herself upon it, buried her face in her hands, and remained perfectly quiet.

"She gets along very well, all things considered!" said Hampton, nodding toward his victim.

"A right straight girl!" responded Blodget. "I wouldn't mind if I had her myself; for I want a good wife; and somehow, you see, I suppose it's nature, I prefer a white one to a squaw."

"And have you no wife?" asked Hampton.

"Oh, yes, a couple of squaws; but they're too coarse and vulgar for me, and I've determined on picking up a white one somewhere."

"How long have you been with the Indians?"

"Well, I've been among them, off and on—trader, agent, and so on—about ten or twelve years; but for the last five I've lived with them straight along."

"Of course you have a good deal of influence with them?"

"Some, I flatter myself."

"Well, I hope you will see that they make sure work of that fellow yonder!" said Hampton, with a meaning smile. "That girl loves him, I am certain, and of course he stands in my way; but if I were to do anything to him, and she were to find it out, it might set her too much against me. Not but that I could bend her to my will," added Hampton, as if he thought the matter needed some explanation; "but brute force, in these love affairs, you know, is not exactly the thing one likes most to try."

"Oh, I understand!" smiled the other villain; "it's all right. Well, don't you have any fear, Hampton! I'll see him settled, if only to pay off my own score. I'd like to take his heart's blood now!" he pursued, with a wicked gleam of his leaden eyes; "but I know, if we keep him, he'll be put to the tortures, and so I'll try to keep myself down till then."

These two villains stood conversing together till the Indians returned, dropping in one after another; and then another consultation was held, which resulted in a positive decision.

"What is it?" again asked Hampton of Blodget.

"They're satisfied their friends haven't returned this way," replied the latter, "and they're for going on to overtake them."

"What! further into the heart of the country?" exclaimed Hampton. "I do not like that—I am afraid we shall get into trouble! If we cross the Licking, and the country over there gets roused, it will not be the easiest thing for us to escape!"

"Oh, we've nothing to fear, with nearly fifty Indians ahead of us!" laughed Blodget.

"I don't know that; these border fellows are perfect devils when their blood is up!"

"Well, the Indians are going forward, so there's no use in talking!" said Blodget. "See! they're already forming their file; so fall in! fall in!"

Henry quietly took his place in the file as before; but Isaline seemed not aware of what was going on till Hampton touched her on the shoulder. Then she slowly lifted her white, marble-like face, and arose without a word.

"You have become wonderfully quiet all at once!" said Hampton, as he walked along by her side.

Isaline made no answer.

"Why don't you speak?" he said, rather sharply.

"You did not ask me a question!"

"Oh, then you are only to speak when I ask you a question, eh?"

"I would rather not speak at all," returned Isaline, with a sort of icy calmness; "but I do not like to refuse to answer you a direct question."

"I suppose if you had that fellow Colburn here in my place, it would make a wonderful difference!" sneered the other. As Isaline made no answer to this, he shortly added, in a cold, offended tone: "I beg you will not trouble yourself to address me any oftener than may suit your ladyship's pleasure and convenience!"

The Indians went forward at a brisk pace; and in little more than an hour the whole party reached the Blue Lick ford—a wild, gloomy place—which they approached along the bare, rocky ridge, where the famous battle was fought, which resulted so disastrously to the Kentuckians. Here the Indians halted, and again looked for signs. They found what satisfied them that both their friends and enemies had passed over the river, and they immediately plunged into the ford and waded across, the water being now only breast high. Henry, with his wrists still bound together behind his back, only kept his feet with great difficulty; and Isaline would have been carried down the stream but for the support of Hampton. This was the second time that day that she had found herself struggling in the waters of the Licking; and she almost regretted she had not perished at first—for death with Henry, she felt, would be far preferable to a life with him who was now by her side.

On reaching the other bank of the Licking, the Indians struck off so rapidly through the country, that Isaline found a good deal of difficulty in keeping up with them. In something like three miles from the ford they came to a small clearing and the smoking ruins of a cabin, which showed that the foremost party had already begun their work of destruction. On seeing this, the savages present gave a few yells of triumph, for to them it was a proof that their friends were successful, and led them to believe they had nothing to fear. They made no halt, being eager to overtake the advance and share in the victory which they supposed awaited them.

Hampton did not feel so sanguine. It was evident to his mind that the whites had made a rapid march, probably because of some of the scouts having discovered the foes behind them; and he reasoned that, in the event of their reaching a station before being assailed by the savages, matters might soon take a very different turn from what the latter expected or wished. He had now with him all he had sought; and therefore, with every thing to lose and nothing to gain by a further advance into the country, he was in a mood to be highly displeased with the present pursuit, and now and then vented in idle curses on the folly of the savages. This, however, cleared nothing and amounted to nothing—for the Indians kept steadily on, as unmindful of him and his sweet opinions as if he had not been in existence. At length, from some cause, perhaps from a premonition of approaching peril, he suddenly left Isaline and darted to the side of Blodget.

"Speak to the Indians," he said, "and tell them this foolish pursuit is leading them into danger!"

Blodget looked at him with an air of surprise.

"What danger? where?" he asked, glancing quickly around him.

"I only know this ——— country from hearsay," returned Hampton, with an oath; "but I have been told there is a fort or station within half a day's journey beyond the Blue Licks, and you may be sure the parties we are pursuing have got possession of it before this time!"

"The more lucky for them, if they have!" replied the other; "though it don't follow they won't come out of it, for all that!"

"But don't you see that, if we attempt to lay siege to it, we shall give the borderers time to collect together and turn on us?"

"No, I don't exactly see it before it's tried," said Blodget; "and even if they should, they might get the worst of it. Stations have been taken before now, with less numbers than we've got in the country, and I'm not a bit afraid!"

"If we *should* happen to be overpowered," rejoined Hampton, "it would be all up with us; for we are already so far into the country that there would be no hope of our ever getting out of it!"

"Of course, when we set out for revenge, plunder and glory, we've got to risk something! You yourself were fierce enough about coming, and through me urged this very undertaking upon the Indians, promising them an easy victory and a great amount of booty!"

"Yes, provided they could overtake the whites and attack them in the wilderness; and which they might have done, if they had only pushed on and struck the blow at the right time!" said Hampton; "but since they have missed their chance, I think they had better change their plan."

"Well, what do you want them to do now?"

"Turn back and secure a safe retreat."

"Then you'd better hurry up to them and tell them so!" rejoined Blodget, with a quizzical look.

"I am not responsible for the main body, since I am not with them," pursued Hampton; "but I think you ought to warn the present party of the probable danger ahead."

"Not before I see it myself!" dryly responded the doctor.

"Then if anything *should* happen, I hope you will remember that I gave you fair warning!" said Hampton, in a cold, offended tone; and he immediately fell back to the side of Isaline.

"He's got what he wanted, and now he'd like to put back!" muttered Blodget; "but he might as well learn, first as last, that we didn't make this long journey just to please him!"

The Indians of course had understood nothing of this conversation, and kept steadily hastening forward, in good spirits, expecting soon to come up with their friends in advance.

They soon reached a point where it was evident the train had turned off to the right of the main route to Lexington, and had been followed by their pursuers; and, with a few exultant yells, our little band of savages pushed on without stopping.

During the next three hours they passed the black and still smoking ruins of three isolated cabins, and soon after the reports of musketry began to be distinctly heard.

A quarter of an hour later they ascended, with great caution, a sharp little knoll, on the edge of a broad clearing, and beheld a strong block house on the opposite side, with a large cornfield stretching between it and them, and Indians here and there skulking about, some firing and some yelling. This was a sight to delight the hearts of the newly arrived savages, and they immediately gave two prolonged scalp hallooes, followed by several quick, short yells of triumph, and heard more than forty voices in jubilant response, some near and some far, showing that the stronghold of the whites was completely surrounded.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE REGULAR TRAIN.

It will be remembered that when Henry and Isaline turned aside from the main route to visit the Indian mound, the train was moving through an open wood, at a snail-like pace. It kept the same slow movement till Rough Tom, glancing westward, perceived the indications of a gathering tempest, even though no thunder had yet been heard; and then, with the rough energy characteristic of the man, he soon effected a wonderful change in the motions of both horse and foot.

"Hurry up and hurry on!" he shouted, so as to be heard the whole length of the line; "for there's a storm a coming that'll raise the feed only we can't cross for two days, and maybe not for a week! Whip up the hosses, boys, and put out like a streak of greased lightning!"

The other scouts, drivers and riders, took the alarm, and in less than a minute the whole train was dashing away at as great a speed as the safety of the goods and loaded animals would permit.

"What's your mission?" at length exclaimed Tom, as he happened to find himself running alongside the horse on which the frightened

Priscilla and Rhoda were uncomfortably seated, and which, by dint of a good deal of whipping and cursing by one of the drivers, had been started into a hog canter.

"I-I-Ise doesn't know perzactly," answered the old nurse, with her teeth fairly chattering, as she clung to Rhoda, who in turn clung to the pummel of the saddle and the horse's mane; "bu-bu-but she's done gone rid off wi-wi with Marse Co-Co-Colbrum, and Ise got out my ske-ske-skeers on her, I has!"

Tom turned to the next, and put the question concerning Miss Holcombe, and received an answer that gave him some definite information. Then he ripped out about half a dozen oaths in succession, and said "What's the use?" at least three times.

"Jest like him—al'ays arter some —— finiky!" he continued to mutter. "Now I'll bet my head agin a skunk-cabbage, that he's eyther making love to that 'ar gal, or drawing some fool of a pictur', and won't know thar's a storm a brewing till he gits knocked over with a chunk of chain lightning! Woofh! what's the use? He-yar we is now, making tracks for the ford, and leaving him and the colonel's darter behind in a way that arn't safe. It won't do—I've got to go back arter 'em! Ha! thar goes the thunder; but I spect he won't hear nothing till the sky falls in and the 'arth shakes him off his feet! Lord save us!" he added, once more glancing at the ominous sky; "thar's agwine to be a screecher that'll make things howl!"

Hurriedly telling one of his companions to push on with all speed, and cross the ford at once if possible, Tom turned and started back on a run, intending to find Henry and Isaline, inform them of what had been done, and if, as he feared, they should be too late for getting over the river that day, to remain with them till they should be able to join their companions. At this time the train had passed over a low ridge and was rapidly making its way through a small thicket of cane; and by the time that Tom, in going back, had again reached the top of the ridge, he beheld the tempest driving up from the west in all its startling fury. He kept on, however, till the tornado struck the wood before him; and then he paused and gazed upon the crashing work of destruction, with feelings of awe if not of terror.

It will be remembered we stated the track of the tornado to be some half-a-mile wide, and its duration about half an hour, though it continued to rain heavily till near sunset. Tom had not got back far enough to be caught in the whirl of the hurricane, though it was plainly in sight; and when he saw the awful work of destruction before him, he groaned in spirit at the thought that perhaps both Henry and Isaline were beyond earthly aid. Still he felt it his duty to know, and as soon as he could go forward with safety, he did.

He went in among the fallen timbers, and was diligently working his way through them when he was suddenly startled at hearing Indian voices. His position at the moment happened to be in a spot where he was completely concealed by tangled branches, vines and leaves; and, by carefully creeping forward some two or three paces, he was enabled to get a view of three savages in their war-paint, who were standing upon the fallen trunk of a tree, conversing in low tones, and gesticulating in a way to lead the experienced woodsman to infer they were speaking of the train that had passed. They soon moved off in the direction Tom had been going, and he pushed on to reconnoitre, but now of course with all his senses on the alert, and using the greatest caution.

In something less than half-an-hour he came in sight of the main body, and counted twenty-five warriors, with the belief there were many others he did not see. They had evidently been waiting for the storm to pass over, but now seemed preparing to resume their pursuit of the train, and Tom felt that matters had reached a very critical condition. Should the whites fail to cross the ford, and the savages get up and attack them at that place, nothing he thought could save them, and he now felt it his duty to return with all possible dispatch.

This, however, was not an easy thing to do; for it was not unlikely that the Indian scouts were out in different directions, and he would have to use the greatest caution to work himself back through the fallen timbers without being discovered, while the savages could push right on without fear of molestation. Fortunately for all concerned, the latter were slow in their movements, doubtless supposing the whites would not attempt to cross the ford that day in the swollen condition of the river, and, by stealing upon and surprising them after dark, they would have them at their mercy.

This delay of the savages was the only thing in fact that saved the whites; for when Tom did finally get back to them, a little before sunset, he found them at the ford, but still on the right bank of the Licking, passively awaiting his return. The news he brought of course threw them into the greatest consternation, and some of the women and children became so frantic with terror that much time was lost in restoring anything like order and getting them mounted. It was indeed a wild, exciting scene; for the water had already risen so much that the stream could only be crossed by swimming; and when the mounted travellers were urged into it on their horses, it seemed to them as if they were only substituting one death for another. Every moment it was expected the appalling yells of the savages would ring in their ears, accompanied by a shower of bullets; and believing it would be certain death, or a hopeless captivity for them to remain, they braved the perils before them as the only alternative.

It was a terrific struggle through the water, accompanied by many thrilling incidents, hairbreadth escapes, some screaming and a good deal of rough shouting and cursing; but Providentially the whole party reached the other shore, with the horses, goods, and nearly everything belonging to them.

They had little time, however, to congratulate themselves on their deliverance from the perils of the flood before the savages made their appearance on the other shore, uttering yells of disappointment and rage, and firing a volley across, one bullet of which did fatal execution, by piercing the brain of a little girl who was seated before her mother on a horse which was in the act of dashing away. As nearly every rifle of the scouts had been wet in crossing the river, they made no attempt to return the fire of their enemies, but adopted the more prudent course of leaving the vicinity with all possible haste.

It was expected the Indians would cross the river and pursue them, either that night or early in the morning; and therefore it was all important that they should push on for some strong hold without stopping by the way.

"We'll put for Higgins' Block-house, on the South Branch of Licking!" decided Tom, who, by general assent, was the principal head or director of the party. "It's a bit out of our way; but then we haint no time jest now to foller a bee line; and I want to see these yere women and children inside of so'thing thicker'n a cloth tent afore we sleep. I tell you now, boys, we've had a heap of tight dodging for to day, and I feel like a used up possum. I knowed it! it all comes of that —— Phantom! I told you how it 'ud be—it's al'ays so. Agh! wagh! woofh! What's the use? Poor Harry and the colonel's darter—it's all over with them—and I'd rayther missed ten red-nigger scalps nor had the thing happen—yes, sir! If they war only with us now, my sperets would be up a heap; for as to these yere infernal Injuns, I don't want no better sport nor for them to foller us and run thar heads into a mashing-trap. Ef they comes arter us—and it's jest as like as not they'll be fools enough to do it, seeing we've got so many women and children with us, and sich a heap of plunder—ef they comes arter us, I say, all them as gits out of old Kaintuck alive may brag on't!"

"Spose thar'll be force enough at Higginses to lick 'em?" asked one of the others.

"I don't know what Higgins has got now, but I know I kin fotch men enough in two days to chaw up all the painted devils this side of blue blazes!"

"But matters mought git too hot for us in two days, Tom?"

"I'll say ten hours then for these yere rip scullion thieves! How'll that do, hey?"

"Wall, I reckon we kin stand 'em ten hours, ef the fort's in any kind of trim at all."

"You know the road all right, don't ye, boys?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll purty soon guv you the dodge and go for help."

At the point where the travellers turned off to the right of the Lexington route, Rough Tom left them, himself keeping straight on.

It will be remembered that when Henry and Isaline passed over the same ground as the main party the next day, they saw three or four cabins in smoking ruins; but all the people belonging to these had escaped—the scouts having given them warning, as they hurried past, that a large body of savages was close upon them.

It was well into the night when our travellers, with loud shouts and cries and an urgent demand for admittance, dashed up to the gate of Higgins' Block-house. They were instantly admitted, horses and all; and then some of the poor, frightened, over-fatigued women fainted—the strain on their nervous system having been too great and too suddenly relaxed.

It is not our purpose to dwell on the scene of wild confusion and excitement which followed the introduction of this large number of strangers into so small a fort, under circumstances so calculated to alarm the bravest. The garrison was small, and the fort somewhat out of repair; and so the men immediately set to work, overhauling their arms, casting bullets, strengthening the defences, and otherwise preparing themselves and putting the place in a proper condition for repelling an assault.

The savages did not reach the fort that night—for of course they could not follow the trail after dark—but they came on the next morning, plundering and burning the deserted cabins on the way. No extra reinforcement of the garrison had yet arrived; but the men within were in good spirits and ready to receive their foes, not doubting they could hold out till their friends should appear and turn the siege into a rout.

In fact, though small, Higgins' Block-house, as it was called and is still known in history, was a fortification which, with even a moderate defence, was not easily to be carried by assault. It consisted of some six or eight log huts, of two stories in height, loop-holed for musketry, with the second stories of each wing projecting over the lower, so that a foe could not make a lodgment under the walls. These buildings, joined together in a solid front, were built on a high, projecting cliff, on the right bank of the South Licking, which rolled its waters along some thirty or forty feet below. On only one side could the place be approached—for the three other sides, protected by stockades, overlooked the rocky precipice we have mentioned. A large gate in the centre of the front wall opened into a hollow square, and was the only point of entrance and egress for either man or beast. In front of the fort was a level cornfield, and surrounding this a heavy wood, with here and there a small clearing on the different routes leading to other stations.

It was somewhere about nine o'clock in the morning that the Indians made their appearance in the edge of the wood, apparently reconnoitering the ground, and holding a consultation, to decide whether to attack so formidable a place, or to turn off and seek an easy victory in another quarter where much might be hoped from surprise. That they came here at all, after the whites having had hours for preparation, with time enough to send off and rouse the country in every direction, can only be reasonably accounted for on the supposition of a blind infatuation on the part of their leaders. The probability is, that having set out with great elation, in anticipation of an easy conquest and immense reward, they were now determined to dare the worst and risk all, rather than go back empty handed.

The moment the savages came in sight, they were discovered by a lookout in the fort, who at once exclaimed, in a jubilant tone

"Thar the red niggers is at last! and now look sharp for fun! I's afeard they wouldn't come."

"What's Injun sculps wu'th now, Jim?" called out another; "'cause I spect to hev some to sell."

"Don't holler so loud," cried another, "or you'll skeer the varmints afore we gits a shot! Stand back thar, Joe, and let me hev a show! I've a long barreled chap yere, that I spect kin throw lead amongst 'em, and I wants to try it on that thar tall cuss that stands in front and looks as of he mought be a chief. Jest you watch him, boys, through tother loop-holes, and tell me what he does arter I fire, for the smoke yere won't let me see quick enough."

As he spoke, he thrust a long-barreled rifle through a loop-hole, took a long, steady aim, and fired.

"Whoop! hurrah!" cried half-a-dozen voices, "he staggers; and now they're all put back into the wood out of sight."

A moment or two after, the savages were heard yelling like demons.

"Ay! ay! that's right—yell away, and be —— to you!" exclaimed the man who had fired. "Only come up a leetle nearer, and we'll guv you so'thing more to yell at, you cantankerous thieves!"

A minute or two after, one of the men called out:

"Hello! what's they doing now?"

"It looks like a white rag stuck up on a pole!" said another.

"Thar! yes! see! they're waving it!"

"A flag of truce!" put in a third; "they're after a confab. What's our cap'en?"

"Here!" said a stout, good looking man, who had just come up from below; "what is it, Ike?"

"The Injuns want to say so'thing to us, I reckon, for they've got a white cloth stuck up on a pole, a waving this way and t'other."

"Perhaps they want to surrender!" said the captain, with a laugh: "we'll give them quarter, eh?"

"Rayther say we'd quarter 'em ef we had a chance!" returned the man.

"Spotswood," said the captain of the garrison, addressing one of the men, "take our white flag up on the roof, and wave it a few times. It's well enough to know what they've got to say."

As soon as this was done, some two or three Indians were seen to leave the wood and approach the fort through the cornfield. They advanced with apparent confidence, as if they had perfect faith in the honor of their foes.

The captain and two or three others went up on the roof to hold a parley with them.

As soon as they came near enough to be heard, one of the savages stepped out in front of his two companions, and drawing himself up to his full height, throwing back his head proudly, and tapping his breast in a dignified and graceful manner, he exclaimed

"Me big Injun chief!"

"All right," answered the captain, who, by the way, was something of a wag; "nobody disputes you."

"Me big chief!" repeated the other; "got thousand brave in wood there!"

"That's a lie, you painted nigger, and you know it, or you wouldn't be standing there to ask our permission to come inside!" said the captain, indignantly.

"Wood full Injun brave!" persisted the other.

"That's a lie, I tell you! and if you don't stop repeating it, we'll lessen your number by three!"

"No lie!" said the Indian, shaking his head.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Injun want come in—shake hand—say how de do, white brudder?"

"How many want to come in? all the wood full?"

"No—hundred."

"We hav'n't room for so many; and besides, we hav'n't time to shake hands with so many."

"White brudder let red brudder come—shake hand—Injun smile—laugh—go away—no touch scalp—no touch hoss—no touch not'ing."

"You're very kind—we're very much obliged to you—but fortunately we're not in need of visitors."

"White brudder chief let Injun brudder chief come, hey?"

"We'll let you three come in, if you're very anxious to put your feet into a smash-trap!" answered the captain, with a light laugh.

"Spose let hundred Injun come?"

"We'll let them come and try to get in against a thousand rifles, for we can count as many hundreds as you can."

"Injun want shake hand—say how de do?"

"Purty well, thank'e! how's yourself, old scalp-lock?" called out one of the scouts; and this was followed by loud, boisterous laughter. "What's the price of paint, you old devil? and why didn't you trade off your clothes and buy some?"

The Indian drew himself up with haughty dignity, and striking his breast rather angrily, exclaimed:

"Me big chief!"

"Well, go home and wash yourself, you greasy old skunk! and fix yourself up decent to come amongst white gintlemen!"

"Injun go fetch hundred—thousand warrior—burn fort—get heap scalp!" cried the chief, with angry gestures.

"Travel then, old feathered bluffer, or you'll leave yourn to start with!" rejoined the scout.

"Go! we're done with you!" said the captain, waving his hand.

The chief turned away with an air of offended dignity; and at that moment some one discharged a rifle—not at the party, in truth, but merely to alarm them.

It had the desired effect, and instantly all show of dignity was lost in a ludicrous effort to escape with life. The three savages, with yells of rage and alarm, at once bounded, squatted, jumped, dodged, and ran forward, in a zigzag manner, through the cornfield, never feeling themselves safe till they had disappeared in the wood; while the men at the fort shouted and laughed till the tears ran down their rough, weather-beaten faces.

For some time after this nothing more was seen of the savages, and the scouts began to fear they had made a hasty retreat, to attack some other place less prepared for defence.

Along the edge of the bluff, on either side of the fort, were a few trees and bushes; and from among these a volley was suddenly poured upon the block-house, the fire being being directed at the loop-holes, and with such precision of aim that several bullets entered the buildings, and one man was killed and two wounded. This changed the laugh of the inmates to howls of rage, and convinced them that the savages were in earnest about making an attack. The latter, evidently satisfied from the noise within that their volley had done some execution, gave some fierce halloos, which were answered from every quarter, showing that the fort was completely surrounded, some of the Indians even being on the other side of the river. The garrison now began to return the fire of their foes, directing their aim to every place where they thought a single savage might possibly be concealed. Occasionally the Indians showed themselves, here and there, in the cornfield, and along the edge of the wood; and wherever one was seen from the station, a rifle bullet was sent in his direction.

Thus the attack and defence was continued, with no marked success on either side, till late in the afternoon, when our little party appeared upon the scene. The garrison heard their yells, and the responses of the Indians surrounding the fort, and were somewhat dismayed at the thought that perhaps their number was already increased by a large reinforcement.

Having thus shown how matters stood with the scouts, and the travellers under their charge, we will now return to those in whom we are most deeply interested. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB'Y 24, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of **WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines**—the regular price of which is FIFTY FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and *Ten dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞☞

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.

The demand for the numbers of THE POST containing Mr. Bennett's story, having exhausted the edition of the first six papers of the year, we have concluded to issue a SUPPLEMENT, the size of the whole paper, in which we will give the first THIRTEEN CHAPTERS of

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

This is the next best thing we can do to dating back new subscriptions to the first of the year.

All new subscribers hereafter will receive the SUPPLEMENT *gratis*, and their subscriptions will be commenced with the number of February 17th, *until the Supplement also is exhausted.*

This amounts to giving away a whole paper for nothing to new subscribers, but we do not see any other good mode of supplying the back chapters of Mr. Bennett's splendid story to those who wish to procure them.

Our subscribers will do us a service by informing their friends of this offer. We are greatly obliged to those who have exerted themselves of late to extend the circulation of "THE POST."

SENATORIAL ORATORY.

We fear we have no giants of eloquence in these days. We suppose that Mr. Sumner is the most eloquent man in the Senate, and yet his late speech does not seem to us to take a very high rank as an oratorical production. We say nothing as to the views enforced—we are simply speaking of his address as an intellectual effort. The opening and closing passages, in which an orator generally endeavors to do his best—in the peroration particularly—do not by any means remind us of Webster's or other great masterpieces. Mr. Sumner seems to us highly cultivated, but to be deficient in originality and native vigor of thought. That "the style is the man," is a saying the truth of which is generally admitted. Originality of ideas will always be found with originality of style.

FIVE PREMIUM MACHINES.

Mr. Robert Elton, of Allegheny City, Penn., writes us as follows, under date of Jan. 16 last:

"I received by Adams's Express the Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine awarded me as a Premium for getting up a Club of THE POST. This is the FIFTH machine that I have been enabled, through your liberality, to furnish to different members of my Club—*all of which give entire satisfaction.*"

While others have been rubbing their eyes, and wondering whether our offers could mean what they say, Mr. Elton has got FIVE machines for himself and his friends.

NEW VOLUME OF POEMS.—A new volume is announced as immediately forthcoming, written by Mr. John James Piatt, and entitled "Poems by Sunshine and Twilight." Published by R. W. Carroll & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PETROLEUM.—Petroleum was evidently well known in the Old Testament times, for Job says, Job 29, 6: "When I washed my steps with butter, and the rocks poured me out rivers of oil."

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

30 Subscribers and $75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of TEN DOLLARS from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for FIFTY FIVE DOLLARS cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth FIFTY FIVE DOLLARS!

At least, TRY IT.

The Sewing Machine Premium.

As some very suspicious persons seem still to have doubts relative to the perfect fairness of our offer of a $55 Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine as a Premium for certain clubs,—and, wise in their own conceit, think there must be, in some shape, some "humbug" about it, we beg leave to quote the following letters from individuals who have received the machines in question. Any of these individuals doubtless would answer letters addressed to them on the subject, inclosing a pre-paid envelope, with pleasure:—

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, Dec. 6, 1865.

Messrs. H. Peterson & Co.:—I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of the Sewing Machine from Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, the premium for a club of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Lady's Friend*. The machine is perfect in every respect; it does its work completely, and fully comes up to the description in the advertisement.

Yours truly, W. P. McKELVY.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, Dec. 12th, 1865.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—I am much pleased to write you that I have received my machine. It came on the evening of Thanksgiving. You may be sure I am delighted with it when the agent here, who owns a *silver mounted* machine, declares it a "perfect beauty" and the "finest finished machine in town." As there are near fifty machines in the town, I think this quite a compliment. I certainly will bless the day when I first thought of getting a club for the *Lady's Friend*.

Yours with many thanks, M. C. RYAN.

PRATTSVILLE, NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1866.

Dear Sirs:—I received the machine last Saturday all safe. MISS M. DUBOIS.

WESTFIELD, NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Received the machine yesterday; please accept many thanks.

Yours truly, MRS. N. W. HALL.

GREENVILLE, MERCER CO., PA., Jan. 3, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Since writing you last week "the machine" has come to hand all right. It suits me very well. Please accept my thanks for it.

Yours very respectfully, ELLA KERR.

NORWICH, NEW YORK, Jan. 11, 1866.

Dear Sirs:—In obedience to your request I acknowledge the receipt of a Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine in safety. So far as I can learn, your magazine gives general satisfaction to the subscribers. I remain yours, &c.,

THOS. H. LEWIS.

MADISON, INDIANA, Jan. 17, 1866.

Gentlemen:—The machine came to hand yesterday, and the party is much pleased with it. Please accept thanks for your prompt attention.

Yours truly, O. A. FITCH.

LANCASTER, OHIO, Jan. 17, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—The machine came safely to hand on the 13th ult., and I think as far as tested will answer elegantly.

Respectfully, ADA H. KAUFFMAN.

KITTANNING, PA., Jan. 22, 1866.

Sirs:—After some delay the Sewing Machine reached me safely and in good order, for which accept my sincere thanks.

Truly yours, PERSIS McMASTER.

RIDER'S MILLS, NEW YORK, Jan. 22, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—I have received the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine all in order. Please accept my thanks for your promptness. I need not say that the machine exceeds my expectation, and is the pride of the place. Yours very truly,

MARIA MICKLE.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN., Jan. 16, 1866.

Gentlemen:—I received by Adams' Express the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine awarded me as a Premium for getting up a Club. This is the FIFTH machine that I have been enabled, through your liberality, to furnish to different members of my Club, *all of which give entire satisfaction*.

ROBERT ELTON.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The March number of this magazine is on our table. "The Impending Ruin," a fine and expressive steel engraving, illustrative of a story of the same name, leads off the number. The double colored steel Fashion Plate is a beautiful one, and the dresses are such as ladies of good taste can wear. Then we have engravings of a Carriage-dress, Pelerine, Home-dress, Child's-dress, "Fanchon" Bonnet, &c., &c. The music for this month is the "Richmond Polka." The literary contents are excellent. We may especially note "The Impending Ruin;" A Song by Beatrice Colonna; "Victoria Regina," a story in which the heroine, a beautiful and refined young lady, becoming poor, seeks domestic service, and finds her reward in so doing; Poems by Florence Percy and August Bell; "Rachel Dana's Legacy;" "Zillah;" "The Pastor's Wife;" "At Last," by Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer; "Marrying an Indian, and How I came to do it," a very well told story; Editorials, Fashions, Receipts, &c., &c. We give the following

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

STEEL PLATE—The Impending Ruin.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Carriage Dress—Name in Point Russe—Pelerine with Hood—Black Velvet Muff—Home Dress—Child's Dress—The Mousquetaire Paletot—Name in Satin Stitch and French Knots—"Fanchon" Bonnet—Empire Bonnet—Handkerchief Vignette—Crochet Insertion and Edging—Empire Bonnet in Black Satin—Coiffure a l'Empire—Crochet Imitation of Guipure Lace—Medallions for Insertion in Collars and Sleeves—Insertion.
MUSIC—Richmond Polka.
THE IMPENDING RUIN. (Illustrated.)
SONG. By Beatrice Colonna.
WHEN WE WERE YOUNG. By Harriet of Aldenlow.
VICTORIA REGINA. By Sophie May.
HAVE FAITH. By J. C. T.
DAYS OF MY YOUTH.
PRESENTIMENT. By Barbara Johns.
DECEMBER. By Clara Augusta.
IF I SHOULD TELL YOU. By Florence Percy.
BOTH SIDES OF THE WATER. By Frances Lee.
TO A STATUE IN A FOUNTAIN. By August Bell.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. Heydon.
SPRING FLOWERS.
LOVE'S HISTORY.
ZILLAH. By Emma B. Ripley.
AWAIT. By Emma M. Johnston.
MORNING CHORUS OF BIRDS.
THE PASTOR'S WIFE. By Mrs. M. Ritchie.
THINK OF ME. By Mrs. M. F. Tucker.
AT LAST. By Bella Z. Spencer.
MARRYING AN INDIAN; AND HOW I CAME TO DO IT. By Mrs. Bella F. Burton.
NOVELTIES FOR MARCH. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
New Publications.
Miscellaneous Receipts.
Fashions—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 8 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. Specimen numbers for this purpose will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums in certain cases.* The Prospectus of this magazine for the present year embodies a splendid list of contributors. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

Who can tell the sweet life which bubbles up from the heart of a child? Can we measure the song of a bird, or define the aroma of a flower? And yet the bird enchants us, the sweet beauty of the flower delights us. So we feel the influence of children in our homes. In the house opposite to mine is a babe, a sweet, gladsome child, and never do I see it in its nurse's arms, or crowing out a welcome as the father returns, than I feel my heart gushing out in tenderest love for the young innocent just tottering on the threshold of life. The sweet, trusting child-face as it approaches the window, clapping its hands in glee, has power to thrill me with tenderest memories, bringing back so forcibly the long ago, when just such another little face with glad blue eyes and rings of soft brown hair falling over the spotless forehead, made music in our hearts and in our home. Too late we found she was lent, not given; and just as we had begun to call her ours, the Giver had need of the treasure we were in danger of prizing too highly, and the little angel face was hidden from our view.

"Little chips are nearest the heart," so they are, and the little vines have sometimes the strongest tendrils. So the love of a little child. Their buoyant and rosy health, their artlessness and glee, win for them a place in our hearts that would be void without them. How their wondering souls look confidingly out to ours from their earnest eyes! What glad surprises when new truths dawn upon their minds! What strange meanings do their little brains conjure up! It is only in life's sunny dawnings that the heart is most fresh, frank, and confiding. Did you ever notice the meeting of children? A look and smile, which lights up a returning look and smile from the little stranger, and they are friends. Love unites these artless souls; a kiss, and then a gurgle of frank words, "I love you." And the sweet trust they repose in us. How their little, loving hearts are swayed to grief or glee by one word, one glance from us! Yes, the mother knows this, as she soothes the impulsive, restless child, approves of every right action, or judiciously reproves. How many of us can turn to our childish days as the time when all sweet affections bud and blossom in the home sunshine. How the dear sympathies of a loving mother have encouraged us in our tasks, or sustained us in our trials. The tender restraints, the patient bearing with our careless heed, the words of cheer, the daily recognition of the Divine love, the little touching prayers which our lips were taught to repeat, the sweet "good-night," all these and more are the things by which the young soul is fashioned.

Children, by their sweet sympathies and winning caresses, by their mirth and sorrow, their merry laugh and frolic, by all that completes the life of careless innocence, are earth's sweetest ministries to the pure life beyond. They give to the troubled and care worn, fresh gleams of a happy and cheerful life. He who is led by a little child cannot go far astray, and if aught can win us, they will do so, back to the heaven from which we have sadly wandered.

We never meet one of these little ones, not even the ragged ones on the street, but we see the angel of love looking out of those bright eyes. God bless them in their poverty! Here are our Presidents, Senators, and Counsellors, our judges, priests and elders—our friends, and the companions of our children; poor as they are, I always feel like taking off my hat to them; our poets and historians, the future writers of an age in advance of this, the painters and sculptors, carving out for themselves a name more famed as the years roll by than any we have now. Who does not love little children? and loving them we should teach great and practical lessons, guiding and directing their unformed thoughts. Like wax, the mind of a little child is easily impressed; but like iron, when the impression is made, it will never be effaced. What a task and responsibility, the awakening of the young spirit, and food enough for thought the fashioning of the young immortal commissioned to our care!

Would that naught of human discord might mar them; then would their life-song be one of angel sweetness. With what passing loveliness has the Saviour shown his care for children, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

POLYGAMY IN UTAH.

We had no idea that there was a daily paper in Salt Lake City, holding such sentiments as the following:—

[From the Salt Lake City Vedette.]

There is much in the doctrines of Mormonism that is abhorrent to the noblest and most sacred feelings of the more intelligent, especially of the young ladies connected with the Mormon families, revolting to their native sentiment of refinement and to the beautiful and tender ideals of home and of domestic life that the pure-minded instinctively cherish. In every virtuous young woman's heart, if not swept by the blighting influence of false teachings and mistaken views of duty and of life, there is a deep and sacred yearning after companionship, and in that companionship a fulness, devotion, and entireness of affection and sympathy; a yearning implanted by God himself to be cherished as a means of elevation, and which is sweetly satiated only when the Divine law of her being is obeyed, but to which Mormonism, with all its pompous pretensions and lofty claims, presents a dreary blank; nay, to which it opens up a Gethsemane of unutterable anguish, a scene of continuous crucifixion, with the wormwood and gall of many slights and many neglects. In those tender moments in woman's history, when so much of beautiful and solemn truth mingles with the creations of fancy, when the future is star-teemed with pleasant hopes, when woman's nature in its virtues asserts the laws, whose obedience constitutes the sum of domestic felicity and guides the young to happiness, it is the hoarded wealth of one faithful heart that is ardently coveted. In the ideal of noble womanhood, when reflecting on what God would have her be, and her Divinely-inspired affections and sympathies have qualified her to become, it is womanhood, radiant with the diadem of many virtues, and glowing with the enkindled divinity of all the affections that fills and hallows the scene of her anticipations, the Eden of her delight. But in Mormonism—material, heartless, loathsome, sneering at sentiment—she finds no promises, no hope of realization for the heaven-sanctioned cravings and aspirations of her nature. Instead of a companion and friend in her husband to constitute, with herself alone, the regal pair, with oneness of aim, of interest, and affection, Mormonism presents to her a lord, a master, a tyrant, the beggarly tithe of man, whose affections are divided, withered, cursed.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Principles of Education, Drawn from Nature and Revelation, and Applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes. By the author of "Amy Herbert," "The First History of Rome," &c. Two volumes in one. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

Martine's Sensible Letter Writer. A Guide and Assistant to Epistolary Correspondence. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

Day's American Ready Reckoner. Containing Tables for Rapid Calculations, &c. By B. H. Day. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

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ORIGIN OF PHRASES.

The Etymology of Words—Remarkable old Sayings and Quaint Expressions peculiar to all Ages and Nations—Customs, and Proverbs—Origin of Music, the Stage, and the Drama—Curiosities of Literature, Biblical Statistics, &c., &c., &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY JAMES REES.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by James Rees, in the office of the clerk of the District Court of the United States in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

He is Gone to Pot.

A tailor of Samarcand, living near the gate leading to the burying place, had by his shop board an earthen pot hanging on a nail, into which he threw a little stone when any corpse was carried by, and at the end of every morning he counted the contents of the pot, in order to ascertain the number of the deceased. At length the tailor died himself, and some time after, one that was unacquainted with his death, observing his shop to be deserted, inquired what had become of him, when one of the deceased's neighbors replied: "The fellow is gone to the pot, as well as the rest."

Here is another: The ancient Greeks buried their dead in jars—hence the origin of the expression, "Gone to pot."

Encore.

The first encore on record was that given to Livius Andronicus, a Roman actor, who, according to Valerius Maximus, was called back so often to repeat his speeches, that he in self-defence brought a boy to declaim for him, while he himself supplied the gestures.

The Feudal System.

The lands which William the Conqueror took from the Anglo-Saxons he bestowed on his Norman barons, upon condition that they should always be ready to attend him in battle. They were called the king's vassals. The barons distributed their lands among their own followers on the same condition, and thus these became the vassals of the baron. These again had others under them, who held them on the like terms.

Thus whenever the baron marched to war, his vassals marched with him. This sort of bond between the king and his barons, and the barons and their retainers, was called the *feudal* system. It had its origin upon the Continent, and had been long established in France, before William introduced it into Britain.

Putting your Foot in it.

This phrase has a purely legitimate, if not a practical origin. A very curious mode of trying the title of land is practiced in Hindoostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. Hence the origin of the phrase.

Sock and Buskin.

The buskin was a high-heeled boot used by the Roman and Greek actors to give elevation to the stature. Buskin is used in contradistinction to the sock, (*soccus*) the flat-soled shoe worn by comedians; hence, both terms came to be used to express the tragic and comic drama.

"The *soccus* was a slight kind of covering for the feet, whence the fashion and name of our socks are derived. The comedians wear these." —*Kennett.—Roman Antiquities.*

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on."—*Milton.*

"The *Buskin* was a kind of high shoe worn upon the stage by the actors of tragedy in order to give them a more heroical elevation of statue!" —*Melmoth.*

Real Simon Pure.

In Mrs. Centlivre's comedy of "*A Bold Stroke for a Wife*," Simon Pure, *a Quaker preacher from Pennsylvania, is a character.* Col. Fainwell, *in order to obtain access to the company of* Mrs. Lovely, *who lives in a Quaker family, assumes the name and character of this* Simon Pure, *and is successful. Finally the* real Simon Pure *arrives, and has great difficulty in establishing his own identity.*

Showing the White Feather.

This term is believed to be derived from the slang of cock-fighters. The full-blooded game-cock has no white feather in his tail. The white feather is the sign of an inferior cross-breed, hence of a species deficient in courage, and likely "to show the white feather" when matched with the game-cock.

Potter's Field.

After the treason of Judas and the condemnation of Christ, the betrayer repented him of his denunciation of Jesus. He came back to the temple and threw down the thirty pieces of silver, the price of blood, and went and hanged himself. The evangelist says (St. Matthew, chapter 27):

6. And the chief priest took the silver pieces and said, It is not lawful for to put them into the treasury, because it is the price of blood.

7. And they took counsel and bought with them *the potter's field* to bury strangers in.

8. Wherefore that field was called the field of blood to this day.

9. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying: And they took the thirty pieces of silver, the price of him that was valued, whom they of the children of Israel did value.

10. And gave them for the *potter's field*, as the Lord appointed me.

To Write Like an Angel.

This is a proverbial expression, often thought to have originated in some fancied excellence of celestial authorship, just as Thomas Aquinas is called the "Angelic Doctor." But the phrase, in point of fact, is derived from the beauty of penmanship of one Ange Vergèce, a famous writing master of the sixteenth century. He furnished the model for the celebrated font of Greek type, for the press of Frances I., and was attached to the Royal College of France in rather the unique capacity of "*Ecrivain du Roy en Lettres Grecques.*" Garrick therefore mistook the meaning of the proverb, when he spoke of Goldsmith as one "who wrote like an angel, but talked like Poor Poll;" as it was not a question of penmanship. The French use the same expression, "*Ecrire comme un Ange.*" This phrase gave rise to others of a similar character, such as "She talks like an Angel," "Reads like an Angel," and if a lover wishes to be complimentary, speaks of a lady "looking like an Angel."

Origin of the Initials D. D. and LL. D.,

dates back to the twelfth century, at the first establishment of the universities, and were then in high esteem. The first person upon whom the title of Doctor was conferred was Irnerious, a learned professor of law at the university of Bologna. He induced the Emperor Lotharie II., whose chancellor he was, to create the title, and he himself was the first recipient of it.

He was made Doctor of Laws by that university. Subsequently the title was borrowed by the faculty of theology, and first conferred by the university of Paris on Peter Lombard, the celebrated scholastic theologian.

William Gordenio was the first person upon whom the title of Doctor of Medicine was bestowed, who received it from the college of Asti, in 1329. For several ages the *doctorate* was a title invested with high honor; but in the present century, and especially in this country, there are so many thousands of them that the title is greatly diminished in value, and now hardly worth having.

The Dahlia

comes from Mexico, and is named after *Dahl*, a Swede. It was brought into fashion by Lady Holland, at Holland House, Kensington, in 1804.

Lob Lolly.

A term much used among sailors. Thick spoon meat of any kind. The word "Lob" literally means an inert or inactive, lazy or sluggish, heavy or lumpish, dull or stupid person.

"But as the drone, the honey hive doth rob:
With worthy books, so deals this idle *lob.*"
Gascoigne.

The word "lubber," looby and lubberly, appear to be merely words of consequential usage, from the verb to *lob.*

"And though you thinke it *lubber-like* to leave,
Yet should you lende that one half of your cote."
Gascoigne.

"If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry."—*King Lear.*

Booby.

This word is said to be derived from the Spanish of "Bobo," literally meaning a dunce—stupid fellow, &c.

Richardson, however, quoting Junius, says it has the same origin as the Saxon "*Boovard,*" meaning as "heavy as an ox." "*Boovard*" is from the Latin "Bubo," an owl.

The Penguin is called "Booby," from its stupidity when in danger of being killed.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Chilenas—Market Scenes—Murderous Cruelty—Mischievous Mint Drops.

A few words of explanation in the start, that we may all understand the more clearly, what we are writing, reading or saying. A good many times I have heard foreigners in Chile, make ridiculously laughable blunders by inquiring of a sweet, lovely senorita:—"Are you a *Chileno?*"

Just think for a moment how ridiculously absurd the question would be to a young lady of London—"Are you an Englishman?"

Then let us remember always, that in Chile—*Chilena* is the feminine, and *Chileno* the masculine, as applied to natives of the country. A very pretty adaptation of the vernacular, made monstrously ridiculous frequently, by misplacing the *a* or *o*. It is a beautiful, as well as convenient idiom of the Spanish language as it is South Americanized in Chile, affording the advantage of expressing sex and nationality, possessed only by the people of that country and Brazil. In the latter country, a native female is called a Brazilliera—and a male, Brazilhero. How could we manage it to plainly and correctly designate the nativity and sex of a woman of the United States, or any one of the European countries in a single word?

If we could only drop America entirely, and adopt Columbia in its stead, we could introduce our native women to the world conveniently as *Columbines*, which would be very pretty. But then there would come the native male progeny necessarily, as *Harlequin* or *Pantaloon*, which would be very ugly. So having learned to distinguish between a Chilena, and *Chileno*, let us return to them, and spend an evening among a mixed multitude of both, of all ages, colors and conditions, making observations and acquaintances—laying hold of entertainment, and such information as we may.

"It is market eve, and the unusually fine weather, with the new order of things helping—is bringing in crowds of country people with their wares and merchandise. The sight will be well worth an evening spent in the streets, squares and Almeda. Let us go out, ladies and gentlemen."

That preamble, declaration and invitation came from Dr. Bond, who had been out on a ramble somewhere, and came in to the great gloomy chamber where two-thirds of our party had congregated waiting supper.

So having heard a good deal of the promiscuous and picturesque pictures of market bivouacs in Santiago, and having as yet seen very little of out-door, after-dark life, though we had been nearly two weeks in the Chilean capital, we said to the doctor:—"Yes, sir, we will go out."

Accordingly, as soon as we had dispatched our supper, and made the necessary preparations, about twenty-five members of our party, including all the ladies, which left us cavaliers three or four in the minority, went out. But first, not knowing precisely what sort of company we might encounter during the evening, and municipal affairs being at rather loose ends as yet, we saw our revolvers in prime order, laid away safely whatever we had of value about our persons, carrying in our pockets only copper and small silver coin for *largess* or such trifling purchases as we should care to make.

Just think of such an evening promenade party—fourteen accomplished, well-bred, very respectable, and some of them very pretty ladies, married and unmarried, and a dozen men—their husbands, brothers—in an instance or two, lovers, going out in a mob, just as we were going, and did go out—in any city or town in the United States—anticipating rough encounters, and armed for such exigencies. Probably such a circumstance would conduce but little to the respectability of the party, or parties individually. But then the reader will please bear in mind that it was not North, but "South American Civilization" that we were facing, and that with the majority of our party, the main object of our wandering over and through the countries of South America was to see and learn all we could of them, their people, productions, and national characteristics.

Our first visit was to the great central plaza, a public square embracing an area of some twelve acres, transformed as if by the wand of some potent magician, from the beautifully shaded, orderly drive and day-light promenade, into a market pandemonium.

Long lines of fires were blazing all through the square, around which females of all ages and complexions, from the garrulous, white haired and wrinkled old beldam of seventy, or it may be eighty years, down to the chattering, bright-eyed little *nomina* of ten—from the swart, dusky squaw, wearing the physiognomy of the ancient *Quechas* and jabbering the barbarous *patois* of the savages, to the lightest shade of skin that Southern Chile affords—almost as fair as the delicate northern maiden—all conditions, from the dark-eyed senora clad in silk, and flashing with jewels, to the wretched *bandillo* half-breed girl, flaunting filthy rags, and utterly devoid of decency. All these varieties and more, are flitting, giggling, gliding about the camp-fires, chatting, broiling, stewing, roasting, frizzling, baking or boiling something for supper.

Here, there, and everywhere, skitter, scamper, squat, leap and tumble nude, semi-clad, and well-dressed *muchachos* and *chicitos* of all conceivable shades and colors, holding high revel. In the rear, but intrusively close, stand, lie, or sit bolt upright on their haunches, infamous looking curs of all colors, sizes and breeds, snarling, snapping, yelping, howling, or looking longingly at the cooking viands, their dog's jowls drooling streams of canine impatience.

In the wider spaces among the trees, where the shadows are deeper, promenade cloaked or *ponchoed cavilleros* in slouched sombreros, and corner of cloak or poncho tossed over the left shoulder as only a Spaniard can wear cloak or poncho. Next—guitar and castanets—fandango—Bolero and *la Tarantula*, by fine, handsome fellows, and joyous, light-hearted senoras. There goes as stealthily and still as the creeping cat, a female form in the everlasting, and with certain classes inevitable *Saya et manto*, only one eye of all the features visible, and that flashing out from its black loop-hole like an eye of fire. The woman may be the wife or daughter of the first man in Santiago, or the vilest wanton that prowls through the plaza. *Quien sabe!*

There in the deepest shadow, leaning against a tree, is one of the legitimate descendants of Chile's ancient lords, when Chile was a portion of the golden empire of the Peruvian Incas. The savage is of pure, unmixed Quecha blood, and hates the Spanish race and all its sixteen crosses and counter crosses with African and native blood, with an intensity that only a wronged Indian can experience. Clad in the scanty, but picturesque costume of his race, silent, moody—perhaps meditating murder, the red barbarian leans gracefully against the trunk of the tree, such a model of manly perfection as one rarely sees in real life.

All along in the rear of fires, cooks, dogs and tumbling *muchachios*, are barricades of fruits and vegetables, poultry and animals, in such indescribable and mingled confusion that the sorting out of individual property for to-morrow's market seems beyond a human possibility. The scene, taken in all its varied features, is such as can never be found any where else on earth, than in one of the larger cities of the Spanish American countries on the western slope of the Andean range. What a magnificent study for an artist—this market bivouac scene in the very heart of Santiago.

Our intention had been to pass through the plaza merely, take the *Almendral* next, and visit perhaps a half dozen of the lesser market stations. But we found instances of murderous inhumanity, that led us to preaching as earnestly as we could, civilization to those South American barbarians, our lessons lasting through the evening, as a brief glance at their inhumanity is likely to do through the remainder of the present sketch.

Every where we saw, flung down, without a thought of position, fowls, pigs, calves and sheep, their legs pinioned with hard, wiry thongs of raw hide, that wet when applied, but drying, hard as iron almost in the long, sultry day's journey, cut skin and flesh like a knife. The poor victims were mostly pinioned in pairs, and after having hung head downwards across a mule's back, or more wicked still, suspended from bamboo poles, for long, weary miles and hours, there they were, pitched down promiscuously at night, suffering torture from thongs, torture from unnatural positions, and torture more excruciating from thirst—squawking, squealing, bleating, and pleading in their brute eloquence all through the long night of torture—many of them gasping out their life as they lay; and Cater was not so far wrong in his "bull," when he declared that these South American savages killed very nearly as many dead calves and sheep as they did live ones.

Our preaching was nearly barren of results, though we had effected the liberation of a few calves and sheep, but disgusted with the stolid indifference of the human brutes, we were passing out from the plaza, when an incident occurred that created a sensation beyond any thing we had laid down in our programme.

Directly after entering the plaza, we were beset by a very pretty, fancifully dressed girl, apparently thirteen or fourteen years old—an Indian half breed, who carried a small box covered with fancy tinted paper, and in a sweet, musical voice besought us to *compros dulce*—(buy sweets.) We had no particular liking for Chilean sweets of that sort, and so without purchasing, we put the girl off with several coppers all round, and a number of us gave her silver *medias*—in all probability three times as much as she would have sold her whole stock for.

But the gratuities did not seem to satisfy the girl. She was ambitious to sell, and clung to us so pertinaciously all through the evening, that at last it became annoying, and finally, just as we were about passing out of the square, O'Harra purchased the entire lot of *dulce*, box and all, and in rather a sharp tone ordered the handsome little half breed to scud out of sight.

The girl went at the first bidding, and O'Harra calling a halt, distributed the sweets among us. They were in appearance little whitish, conical lozenges about a half inch in diameter, looking very like ordinary mint drops. But in reality they were something a good deal more than that. In less than three minutes, I think, we were at first deathly sick, faint and utterly bewildered, then a fit of violent retching and vomiting ensued, and such a scene of confusion as one seldom sees in well regulated society.

I remember when I was the sickest, to have seen Mrs. Kate O'Harra and Capt. Cater dashing hither and thither among us, discharging their revolvers, and when we all came out of the sudden singular flurry, after ten minutes' time, feeling stupid and thirsty, there were twenty soldiers or so of the night guard among us, and five light-fingered rascals who had been plundering us, whom they had captured and were tying with *lassos*. There were three of the rascals lying stretched out on the ground, and four others badly hurt, moaning and begging for mercy.

That part of the programme was the work of Cater and Kate O'Harra, who by accident or otherwise had not tasted of the mischievous, medicated "*mint drops*."

ON DIT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Sometimes this *on dit* is a bird of passage, of most beautiful plumage and exquisite note, and its flight is airy, graceful and refreshing; but for the most part it is a monster—a very Argus, with a hundred eyes, and as many tongues, which are long, forked and crooked. Like the old Anthropophagi, it devours men. It is as merciless as a cannibal, and as great an epicure. Chameleon-like it feeds on air, and fabricates from this subtle fluid all sorts of gaseous and unstable constructions. Do not enter the temples it has builded. Their foundation is treacherous. Beware of its Arcadian groves, the Upas is sure to flourish there. If it yield you notes of Orpheus-like melody, heed not its music—a Siren sings. But if chance should make you the chief *dramatis personæ* of this unpleasant and bewildering tragedy, be cautious how you perform your part. The Kamtschatkan dog, irritated by the noise of the sea, is said to howl back at its angry roar—follow not the example of these Blusterous curs: for like them your barking will be swallowed up in hoarser billows of wrath; in such case speech is not even silver, while silence is gold. You had better eat of the Lotus at the risk of becoming melancholy the rest of your days, or drink of the waters of Lethe. O, my weary one, thou who hast been masticated by the jaws of this monster, thou wilt not remain forever in that fearful Hades, he will at length spew thee out. Then take my advice—become an ascetic, retire from the world, live on indigenous plants the rest of your days, and die innocent. L'ESCRIVAINE.

☞ Some members of the Northwestern tribes of Hydas and Stickeens practice cannibalism. The other day they ate up the Indian servant of a gentleman living on Vancouver Island, to spite the master, who had done something to displease them.

TO A———. A VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. S. COREY.

"Well, peace to thy heart, though another's it be."

Ay! peace to thy heart! 'tis the prayer of my own,
Which beat but with thine in the years that are gone.
Though the fullness of rapture around it that lay,
Is gone from its musings this many a day;
And the young dreams lie scattered, that proudly and high,
Grew up in that heart 'neath the glance of thine eye;
That brightened its waste with a beautiful bloom,
As the May of thy friendship shone soft o'er its gloom;
Unfolded their leaves to a shadowless sky,
As the breath of thy tenderness warmly went by;
And drooped not, and paled not, through many a day,
When afar from my vision thy life went away;
But bowed their bright petals low, low in the dust,
As thy seeming neglect first awakened distrust,
Looking upward as softly some hope whispered near,
And again stricken low 'neath the blighting of fear;
Till vexed with the torture my spirit awoke,
In anger and pride from its love-fetters broke,
The golden enchantment which wrapped it unwound,
And trampled its blossoms in scorn on the ground.
Though thy voice like a music seemed luring me yet,
I turned from its sweetness, I hoped, to forget.
I have not forgotten thee! strangely the thrill
Of that low, winning melody haunteth me still.
And still through all visions, thy beautiful eye
Looks out from the spot where I bade thee good-by.
Still trembles my hand in the clasp of thine own,
As, ere from my pathway thy footstep was gone.
I see through this twilight the gleam of thy brow,
And I call to the phantom, half dreaming 'tis thou.
The magic is broken, the vision is flown.
I sit 'midst the dreariness mute and alone,
Nor know if, afar in thy separate track,
Thine eye to the bygone turns mournfully back.
I know not if e'er mid the sunlight and bloom
Of thy happier destiny, cometh a gloom,
A sigh, for the radiance so softly that lay
On our brief, bright companionship, gone to decay.
I know not if nightly the spectres that glide
Through the shades of thy spirit, when none are beside,
Of grief, or of anger, or love, or regret,
Wear the looks which I wore in the days when we met;
If e'er, through its silence, at memory's call,
Floats faintly the cadence of voices, that fall
On the hush of thy musings, like mine, in the flow
Of its girlish enjoyment, those summers ago;
If the old words sound sweetly again and again;
Or thy lingering remembrances only retain
The tones of our parting, the saddest and last;
Or if even that farewell is flung to the past.
I know that I wronged thee. Thy faith was unchanged,
And thy heart was aye true when I deemed it estranged.
I know that the blight of our beautiful dream
Was the blighting of years that were dark for its beam;
That the pain of our parting was needlessly given,
And the sore hearts bled long when their tendrils were riven.
Oh! friend of the past, of the few fleeting years
That opened in rapture, and left us in tears,
It is well that all torture is deadened at last;
That time sheds a balm on the pangs of the past.
It is well that the sorrow which clouded our sky,
Hath blue breaks that broaden as life hurries by;
That love, whose fair promise was broken of yore,
Should rest a bright head on thy bosom once more,
And the bliss of thy morning years, shrouded so soon,
Be repaid in the peace of the still afternoon;
That the rest I have prayed for hath fallen at last,
In the calm glow of autumn when summer is past;
When my blossoms were swept by a pitiless storm,
That life's Indian-summer lies mellow and warm.
It is well! But ah! friend, o'er a present like this,
Will flash beams from a past that was golden with bliss;
And our hearts that were kindred by many a tie,
Must still wear one fetter till life has gone by;
Must be linked by a dream that was Love while we met,
That was Sorrow for years, and is Memory yet.

A BITTER LESSON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

"Don't go, Helen. Can you not for once sacrifice your pride to your husband's happiness? It may save you years of regret and pain."

"No, Charles is unreasonable, Annie, and I will show him that I am not a child to be driven by frowns into his ways and wishes."

The young wife's beautiful face wore a hard, determined expression, as she stood before the long mirror in her elegant dressing room, fastening a spray of scarlet flowers in her black hair. The gentle eyes of a middle aged lady regarded her sorrowfully, for Mrs. Tilbury was not naturally wilful or unamiable, and she saw in her present action the result of her brother's mistaken policy, in refusing to accompany his wife to a brilliant evening party which she had set her heart upon attending. He was domestic and home loving in his disposition, while she was gay and lively; but she had ever deferred to his wishes, and sacrificed much for his pleasure. Unfortunately the longing to go out in the olden way had proved so strong as to cause her to plead for the indulgence, and he had refused her without any reasonable grounds for that refusal. She was made to feel that he was selfish in the action, and her proud spirit rose up in rebellion against what she came to regard almost as tyranny, in the excitement of the moment. There had been sharp, bitter words for the first time in the course of their married life, and each felt sorely aggrieved. The result was the non-appearance of Mr. Tilbury at the usual dinner hour, and the firm resolve of his wife to go without him, and against his will. Miss Tilbury, who was residing with them—an only sister, an invalid, and a quiet, gentle, intelligent woman—had seen and heard all with a heavy heart, clearly perceiving the dangerous ground on which those two young people were standing. Knowing how vain it was to strive with her brother's will when he had declared his purposes, she turned to Helen, hoping an appeal to her better nature might accomplish the desired effect. But she had mistaken the strength of Helen's will when the latter imagined herself wronged, and might as well have appealed to the stars to descend, as to entreat the young wife to leave her purpose now. The curled, rigid lip—the steadfast, glowing eye spoke a spirit aroused not easy to quell.

"But Helen, dear, think what you hold in your hands. As a woman, the arbitress of a loving man's fate, you are too wholly responsible to act lightly or wilfully without counting what may be the cost. In all differences of feeling, even when men are most unreasonable, it is the woman's place to yield, where so much is at stake. I know Charles so well that I tremble for the result. He will never get over it."

"I can understand, Annie, how natural it is for you to take part with your brother against me in this matter. He is your brother, and has always ruled your yielding, plastic nature to his will. I am not like you. If I have been the slave of his wishes, it was because I loved him too well to set myself up in opposition to him. But I was wrong all the time, and have known myself so. He has presumed upon his power to deprive me of the most harmless enjoyments. I have been cut off from society like a nun, and had the mortification of knowing that my old friends comment upon it to my husband's detriment. In permitting it, I do him a wrong as well as myself, and it shall be so no longer. I do not so much care to go out as you may think, though I do often long for change from the constant quiet after so gay a life as I have been accustomed to. If Charles would go with me, I should feel so proud of him—noble, handsome as he appears! But here I have been for more than a year, spending evening after evening at home, without any kind of amusement. He does not even think of taking me to the Opera, which I love passionately. If I hint it, he places my music before me and tells me I can myself sing and play as well as those Italians or Germans who torture music loving souls with their labored efforts at acting without ability to succeed! For society, I have you with your crochet, and your brother with his newspaper, which he never cares to read aloud! Were this not a constant, daily thing, I certainly would not complain. As it is, I cannot longer refrain. His frowns and disapprobation have too long kept me in chains. Now I become myself, and break them in defiance of his unreasonable displeasure. If he cannot care for my pleasure at all, or make some sacrifice for my gratification, I must look to others for what he refuses me. Jenny, ring and ask if brother Arthur is waiting in the parlor."

Miss Tilbury sighed wearily. The long speech which Mrs. Tilbury had just uttered was not devoid of truth. There should not be sacrifice all upon one side and selfishness upon the other, she knew well. But she was fully conscious also that her brother had not meant to be selfish. If Helen would only allow herself to be influenced in the matter, now that trouble had arisen, she felt persuaded that Charles would see his error and appreciate his wife's forbearance; while, on the contrary, if she persisted in her course, the breach might be irreparable. With a very heavy heart she heard the arrival of Mr. Arthur Orton announced, and saw Helen sweep toward the door with the step of a queen. One great pang forced her to follow and make a last appeal.

"Oh, Helen, you *will* go?"

"Yes, Annie, I *will* go."

The young wife paused and turned a royally beautiful, haughty face to her sister-in-law. The anguish in the gentle woman's eyes softened her a little, and she hesitated a moment. Then she recrossed the room, put one little jewelled hand over Miss Tilbury's shoulder, and kissed the pale cheek.

"Do not worry and look so miserable, Annie. Am I going to commit a crime, that you should so dread what I do? Charles must be taught what is due to his wife, if he will not see for himself. Do not sit up long, but go to bed in peace. I will not be out very late. Now, good night, dear, silly sister."

Tears rained over that sister's cheeks, and the beautiful vision glided away, not happily, but with that proud spirit of defiance and wilfulness that brings its own punishment. As she entered the parlor, her brother exclaimed in rapture at her appearance, and his eyes danced with pride and fondness as he thought of the admiration she must win. No man entered the brilliant drawing rooms of the great man of the town that night with such feelings of contentment as swelled in Arthur Orton's breast. The temporary sense of anger Mr. Tilbury's refusal had caused him when his sister apprised him of her need of him as an escort, faded away in the delight of the sensation he created with so lovely a vision beside him. It was a failing of the Ortons to take inordinate pride in family beauty and gentle blood. From this one weakness had arisen errors that had marred the happiness of more than one of the unfortunately gifted race.

And yet it is not to be wondered at if his head erected itself more triumphantly, or her cheek kindled as they moved through the crowd, hearing upon all sides the comments and exclamations her beauty excited. Her reappearance in society was in itself a noteworthy event. Ladies so unusually handsome are seldom known to give up all the attractions of the world for a quiet fireside, and her retirement had occasioned no little wonder. Now the reappearance of an acknowledged belle, more beautiful than in her first year as a *débutante*, drew scores of eager and curious and pleased friends around her.

In a short time her tablets were filled, and she found herself in the bewildering saloon, gliding through the dance, under a blaze of lights, and ravished by the sound of entrancing music. Her eyes burned, her red lips wreathed with smiles, while the soft glow on her cheeks deepened to vivid crimson. In the pleasure of the hour, all her unhappy feelings passed away, and she was joyous. Never had she been so witty and brilliant—never so courted, admired, surrounded, flattered. It was all like a bewildering dream, a fairy scene of eastern splendor and delight.

"Mrs. Tilbury, is it possible this can be you?" A tall, stately gentleman had made his way to her side, and bent over her hand with courtly grace. He had once been her admirer, and report had coupled her name with his as her most favored suitor, a fact which had given her much pain, for he was too unprincipled and calculating with all his wealth, polish and refinement, to win a heart like hers. Many eyes were upon the pair now, conscious of the past in relation to them, and she was compelled to appear cold and unmoved in fear of misconstruction, even while she trembled in every limb.

"Yes, it is I indeed," she laughed. "Were you at a loss to recognize me? Fie, I had not thought to be so soon forgotten."

In her effort to appear at ease, she had said the very thing she ought not to have said.

"Not forgotten," he murmured. "I was but surprised, for you have so long foresworn society. How could you be so cruel? Or rather, how could Mr. Tilbury be so selfish as to rob us of our queen? Some valiant champion of society's claims should call him out."

What a pang shot through her heart. Did this man dare to imply a reproach in his speech about her husband. Was the old leaven of his fierce jealousy at work to mete out an ungenerous revenge for the disappointment she had caused him in wedding another and a better man? Already the spell was fading, and the intoxicating cup was tinged with bitter drops. From another those words might have sounded meaningless badinage; from him they could not be so; and as she trembled more violently with involuntary resentment, his full, fixed eye mercilessly rested on her flushed face. She had not expected or thought of this trial! And now sprang in her heart the longing for that fireside she had abandoned so wilfully—its safety, security and peace!

"Will you take my arm for a promenade, Mrs. Tilbury? You look warm."

She could not decline, and placed her gloved hand reluctantly upon his sleeve. He quietly drew the little member to a firmer resting place, and walked on, ignoring her agitation, and talking animatedly on indifferent topics until she regained confidence. With her confidence, pride returned, and a sort of sophistical vein of reasoning with it which stifled the thought of going away. How silly she was! Did not her position as Charles Tilbury's wife furnish her sufficient protection; and was not her own brother near her, to shield from misconstruction? Better if she had not thought thus! Far better if she had followed the first natural impulse that rose in this man's presence, and fled the scene at once.

"Helen, you had better shun that man," whispered Arthur once as he passed near and found an opportunity to speak unheard. "His devotion excites comment."

Mrs. Tilbury lifted her head haughtily.

"Arthur! This from you! Am I a flirt that people should dare to comment upon my actions! Have I not the blood of the Ortons in my veins? I am not a coquette or a coward, and I defy the world if it dares to criticise my actions."

"Oh, child, be careful! Such a spirit can do you harm, only—not good. Your Orton pride and courage will not prove an invulnerable shield against envy and malicious scandal. I am your brother and a man of the world. Be advised by me."

Evidently he was a man of the world, for he covered his earnest words by only a slight show of brotherly attention, and laughingly left her.

Mrs. Tilbury had a great deal of natural delicacy and tact, with which she managed without seeming intent, to keep Mr. Hudson at a distance. If, sometimes he got near her after that warning from Arthur, she made him retire in spite of himself, and leave her to others, a course which galled him exceedingly, the more so as he knew that his presence inwardly chafed her, and he was unmanly enough to delight in a triumph born of her fears of public opinion.

But the battle was a severe one, and intensely wearied her. She longed to escape, and looked around for Arthur that she might ask him to take her home. At that moment Mr. Hudson was in conversation with a lady at a little distance, and had not his watchful glance upon her. Wishing to escape without being noticed by him, she glanced through the crowd eagerly.

"For whom are you looking?" asked a gentleman with whom she had just finished a quadrille.

"My brother. Ah, I see him over there by the folding doors. Will you be good enough to conduct me to him?"

"Shall I not bring him here?"

"O, no! I prefer to walk. These rooms are hot, and that is nearer the conservatories."

They made their way through the crowd till they came near him, when suddenly Mr. Orton disappeared. They followed and caught sight of him as he passed on to the green-house with a lady on his arm. Mr. Carleton smiled.

"Shall we disturb him?" he asked.

"I think not this moment. Please to leave me here on this chair. I feel like resting, and when he returns he will be sure to see me. I am much obliged and will not detain you longer."

He would have lingered, but her tone and manner deterred him. With a low bow he withdrew, and left her alone. Through the open door came the low plash of a fountain and the odor of spicy plants. She could not resist the desire to enter the delightful place and rest under the leafy shadows, and so arose and glided swiftly within the conservatory.

"I shall see Arthur as he goes back," she said to herself, "and I am so weary!"

She dropped upon a rustic chair and leaned her hot brow against a marble vase which stood upon a pedestal. A shower of rich petals fell over her as she did so, breathing their exquisite fragrance all around her. Amid the cool freshness and beauty, she sat and thought—thought regretfully of the step she had taken, wishing that she had possessed the power to stifle pride and spare herself this heavy heart-ache!

Ah, Helen, not yet is thy lesson complete! Not yet is the cup more than tasted which contains the bitter draught!

"Helen, why did you fly me?"

The young wife started up with a cry, striving vainly to shake the hot, close grasp of Mr. Hudson's fingers from her hand.

"Be still," he said in low, concentrated tones, "for you must hear me. I see how it is. You are not happy with your despotic husband. He shuts you from the world as we would imprison a captive, and wastes your superb beauty on senseless walls. He is jealous of you, and wrongs you with his want of confidence. Where is your womanly pride, that you submit to it? Oh, Helen, had you been mine, it would not have been thus. A jewel so rare and beautiful I should have been proud to wear before all men, and I should so exalt myself in the honor of your possession, no thought of jealousy could ever enter my mind. He never loved you as I did—as I do still and must—"

Helen struggled, threw up her hands and sank like a crushed thing to the ground. This man's words had seemed to wither and blast her. They had struck her dumb with indignation, and before she could break the spell, a pale face gleamed through the leafy covert between them and the door. That pale face and those burning eyes which seemed to blaze upon her, instantly disappeared, and as Charles Tilbury turned his back to hasten from the spot, his wife sank senseless at Mr. Hudson's feet.

He had not been quite prepared for this, and for a moment knew not what to do. But the first thing that occurred to him, was to dash water in her face. Seeing nothing near to convey any in to the lady, he dipped his handkerchief hastily in the little fountain, and applied it to the white face. She stirred, gasped, struggled and sat up. He raised her and supported her with his arm, not daring to speak, and by the dim light she saw his face as she looked up in bewilderment. Instantly the color rushed back to her white lips, and with an imperious gesture, she wrung herself from his grasp, sweeping from the place with the air of an insulted empress. He could not see how she trembled, or hear her heart beat with the sudden weakness that had been the result of her illness; he only saw the proud carriage of the beautiful head—the fierce flash of the blazing eye.

Straight through the crowd to her brother she made her way, and placed her hand upon his arm.

"Arthur, I am ill. Take me home."

He looked down at her in alarm, as well he might, for already the blood had again receded, leaving her as pallid as snow.

"Why, what is it? What has happened?"

"Take me home," she gasped, "and ask me no questions."

In a few moments he had placed her in her carriage and prepared to follow her. She put out her hand.

"Stay here, Arthur, and do not come with me. I ask it as a great favor, and you *must* obey my wishes."

"Why, Helen, what is the matter?"

"I simply do not want you. Let me go home alone, and at some early date I will tell you why. Now good-night."

The carriage drove away the same moment, and the bewildered man stood looking after it in amazement.

"What *is* the reason that all women will be enigmatical?" he muttered discontentedly. "I never saw Helen in such a tantrum. Sick, and will not let me take her home. By Jove, if that Hudson has had anything to do with this I will cane him within an inch of his life!"

In some excitement he returned to the drawing-rooms and passed through them in search of that gentleman. It was with a deep sense of relief that he found him in the room farthest from the conservatory, quietly seated beside a lady with whom he was conversing in calm serenity. If anything had occurred between him and his sister, he would not so soon have been there and so coolly engaged. He had forgotten that men of the world are most consummate hypocrites and actors, generally speaking. Satisfied upon this point, he came to the conclusion that it was merely a woman's whim, and dismissed it from his thoughts, lingering for half an hour longer in the parlors ere he took his departure.

Meantime Mrs. Tilbury had reached home, and hastened up to her room. Had her husband been there, she would have humbled herself at once, thrown herself upon his mercy and acknowledged her fault; but the room was silent, and the gas burned dimly. She could hear the heavy throbbings of her own heart with painful distinctness as she restlessly paced back and forth. What had become of Charles? Why had he not returned? She expected to find him there, and furiously angry, but now a new and terrible fear arose—a fear that he had lingered to demand satisfaction of her cowardly insulter, and that something dreadful would arise out of it. There was no one whom she could send; and if there had been how could she give directions by which her husband could be found? It was a trying hour. Truly was she beginning now to taste the bitter cup of repentance.

Back and forth she paced with hands wrung together in speechless anguish. The tiara that bound her night-black hair fell off and lay in a glittering heap at her feet, but she did not heed it. Jewels flashed from her arms and bosom—glowed in her dress, sparkled on her fingers, but their powerful beauty had no powerful charm now to still the anguish of her heart. A picture of splendid misery she swept up and down the long room, scorning the peerless beauty that had given her pride—out of which pride had sprung the evils which brought her to this strait.

"Oh, my God," she prayed fervently, "spare me the consequences of my folly. Save my husband from harm or from rashness. The fault is all mine. Let the punishment come upon me, but not through him—my husband! Oh, Charles! Charles!"

She fell upon her knees beside a chair, burying her face in the cushions, smothering the sobs that rose wildly in her throat and struggled for utterance.

Hours passed. The gray dawn was dispelling the darkness of night, when the strained ear of the young wife caught the sound of a cautious step ascending the stairs. She sprang to her feet breathlessly and waited his entrance. In a moment he came in, his hands and linen covered with blood!

"Charles! Charles! oh, my God, have you murdered him?"

The words rang in a wail through the room.

"No, you need not be alarmed, madam. I have only caned him as he deserved. I had to wait a long time before I could catch him, but when I did do so, I gave him a souvenir of this night's folly he will never forget. So pitiful a poltroon I would never stoop to fight. Caning was all he was entitled to at the hands of an honorable man."

Helen's eyes flashed. Before he was aware of her intention her arms were round him, her kisses on his face.

"Oh, Charles, my darling! thank you! I am glad, glad! All that I feared was ill to you. If he had injured you I should have murdered him! Oh, that he should dare to utter such words to me!"

"Helen!"

He held her off from him sternly.

"I charge you as you value our future, to tell me truthfully if you did not know Clement Hudson was to be at Mrs. Burton's to-night?"

"No; as I live, I did not know he was in America. When did I ever stoop to falsehood that you should thus adjure me?"

Mr. Tilbury took a hasty turn through the room. He was very much disturbed. Finally he paused and looked at her.

"Helen, I cannot be otherwise than open with you always. I have loved you so, I was jealous of everything. Do you think I did not know that I wronged your feelings in keeping you from the world? But you are so beautiful you cannot help exciting admiration, and to see a set of contemptible puppies following you would make me wretched. It has been unutterably sweet to have you all to myself, safe and free from the horrible pollution of a corrupt world. And I could not bear to think of losing this sweetness and peace from my life. Whenever you have mentioned balls, parties, or operas, it has filled me with fear. Doubly so has it been, since you spoke of this one, and I knew that he was to be there. I thought you knew it, and my jealous heart whispered that in this lay the cause of your obstinate persistance, and I may be pardoned if it agonized me. I resolved to follow and see for myself. Was what I did see calculated to calm my fears—or what I heard him utter to you soothing? Concealed, I watched your return to consciousness, and saw your manner of leaving him. That saved my faith in you. By a side door I reached the street and saw you leave. Then I watched for him, and castigated him well for the insult. Oh, Helen, I ought to have killed him! To think of the words he dared to utter in your ear!"

"Charles, forgive me! It was my own wilfulness which brought it upon me. I did not dream of harm or danger, and I felt only that you wronged me in your denial to gratify what I thought an innocent wish. God only knows what I have suffered this night. The lesson has been enough for a life time, and out of such folly can come no more like it."

She bowed her proud, beautiful head upon his arm, and wept, while he put his other arm around her and pressed a kiss upon her cheek.

It was not a lesson for her only. He had extracted one as much needed, and in after time was less selfish, and more careful of her wishes. He knew that he had not been blameless, and in giving her the protection of his presence, made his own happiness and hers, by securing her from harm, and ministering to innocent desires, which, however, she seldom required indulged by going into gay society.

The Home of a Rothschild.

A correspondent of the London Telegraph thus describes Ferrieres, the home of Baron James de Rothschild:

"When the Compiegne festivities are over those of Ferrieres commence. Baron James de Rothschild selects the month of December as his special season for receiving his guests, because it is the season wherein he can best enjoy his favorite pastimes of hunting, shooting, etc. As at Compiegne, the Baron's guests are invited in four series; and if it were possible to exceed the magnificence of imperial Compiegne, the Baron would certainly outrival Napoleon III. The estate of La Ferriere was purchased thirty years ago by Rothschild from the heirs of Fouche, Duke of Otranto, for the sum of 2,000,000f. It has since been considerably increased, and it now consists of 37,000 English acres. Like the great Frederick, who vainly tried to purchase the mill of Sans Souci which came 'twixt the wind and his nobility, the baron has vainly endeavored to buy a farm of fifteen acres which happens to be in the centre of his vast domain. The gold of the Rothschilds will not tempt the obdurate *paysan* to part with his beloved heritage. Curious to say, the adjoining estates belong to the mighty Pereires, the only name in France which in point of financial power can rival that of Rothschild.

"The Emperor's visit in 1865 to La Ferriere will be remembered. Every hour which his Majesty breathed in this superb mansion cost the host a million. Till that time no artist had been allowed to sketch the chateau; and it being a hideous amalgamation of incorrect style, such as would give Mr. Ruskin a shiver even to contemplate in a photograph, I think the baron evinced his good sense in not permitting his house to be seen in prints. Imagine a huge building, partly old English and partly Chinese in its decoration, surrounded by exquisite grounds, in the designs of which Paxton had no inconsiderable part, immense tanks well stocked with fish, and an indescribable air of artificial ornament pervading the whole, which conveys to one the idea that one of the sumptuous palaces in the Champs Elysees has been transported to the flat plains of La Brie.

"The interior arrangements, however, are faultless—a double staircase leads to the hall, which is eighty-five feet in height, and lit from the roof by a dome of glass, illuminated at night by 1,150 gas-burners. The gallery separates this vast hall from the dwelling-rooms, each of which would supply in itself enough treasures for a very respectable exhibition. Byzantine arm-chairs, pictures by Velasquez, Joseph Vernet, Guido, Vandyke, and I know not how many more great masters, almost fatigue the spectator by their repeated claims for admiration. The most comfortable chair in the *salon de famille* was once the throne of a Chinese Emperor, presented by that Celestial to a Rothschild. A sofa in this said room is covered by Oriental embroidery bearing the Imperial Dragon. The baron's private study is furnished with Gobelin tapestry worked from designs by Boucher. The walls of the smoking-room are entirely covered by Russia leather, exactly the tint of a cigar, and on this costly material Eugene Laury has painted exquisite frescoes. The family dining-room is decorated with sporting subjects, executed by Philippe Rousseau. It opens on a small and very plain synagogue. It was in the large dining-room that the Emperor and his suite partook of the celebrated luncheon in 1862, served on Bernard de Palissy china and plate chiselled by Gouthiere."

A Model Wife.—She is all in all; gentle as a ring-dove, yet high-soaring as a falcon; humble below her deserving, yet deserving beyond the estimate of panegyric; an exact economist in all superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all liberality; the chief regulator of her household, the fairest pillar of her hall, and the sweetest flower of her bower—having in all opposite proceedings, sense to understand, judgment to weigh, discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, diligence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish, and resolution to maintain.

☞ The president of the French society entitled Œuvre de la Jeunesse, has arranged, it is said, with a certain number of sugar-plum makers to insert in their dainties short extracts from the most esteemed religious works.

WINTER BOUQUETS.

An Incident in the Life of an American Citizen.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

The poor man's garden lifeless lay
Beneath a pall of snow,
But Art, in costly greenhouses,
Kept Summer in full glow.
And Taste paid gold for bright bouquets,
The parlor vase that drest,
That scented Fashion's gay boudoir,
Or bloomed on Beauty's breast.

A rich man sat beside the fire
Within his sculptured halls;
Brave heart, clear head, and busy hands,
Had reared those stately walls.
He to his gardener spake, and said
In tone of quiet glee—
"I want a hundred fine bouquets—
Canst make them, John, for me?"

John's eyes became exceeding round,
This question when he heard;
He gazed upon his master,
And he answered not a word.
"Well, John"—the rich man laughing said,
"If these too many be,
What sayest to half the number, man?—
Canst fifty make for me?"

Now John prized every flower, as 'twere
A daughter or a son,
And thought, like Regan, "what the need
Of fifty, or of one?"
But keeping back the thought, he said,
"I think, *sir*, that I might;
But it would leave my lady's flowers
In very ragged plight."

"Well, John, thy vegetable pets
Must needs respected be;
We'll halve the number once again—
Make twenty-five for me.
And hark ye, John, when they are made,
Come up and let me know;
And I'll give thee a list of those
To whom the flowers must go."

The twenty-five bouquets were made,
And round the village sent;
And to whom, thinkest thou, my friend,
These floral jewels went?
Not to the beautiful and proud—
Not to the rich and gay—
Who, Dives-like, at Luxury's feast
Are seated every day.

An aged Pastor, on his desk
Saw those fair preachers stand;
A Widow wept upon the gift,
And blessed the giver's hand.
Where Poverty bent o'er her task,
They cheered the lonely room,
And round the bed where Sickness lay,
They breathed Health's fresh perfume.

Oh! kindly heart and open hand—
Those flowers in dust are trod,
But they bloom to weave a wreath for thee,
In the Paradise of God.
Sweet is the minstrel's task, whose song
Of deeds like these may tell;
And long may he have power to give,
Who guides that power so well!
Philadelphia.

KATTIE AND "THE DEIL."

A CURIOUS BOHEMIAN STORY.

In a certain village of Bohemia, lived a peasant woman called Kattie. She possessed a little hut of her own, a garden, and a small income; but had she rolled in wealth, not a lad would have ventured to say,—"Kattie, will you be mine?" for she was snappish as a cat of the woods, and owned a tongue which worked like a flail. She had an old mother, providentially as deaf as a log, and her she scolded from morning till night, so that her voice was audible half a mile off. If any neighbor entered her cottage, she spat and set up her back, and hissed, so that the intruder was only too glad to escape without a scratched face. When any one passed her door, Kattie flung him a spiteful word; and was only too glad if the passer stopped to retaliate, for if he had an ugly expression to cast at her, she had a dozen to pelt him with in return.

By the time that she had reached the age of forty, without having found a lover, all the—milk of human kindness she never had, which might acidulate—but all the vinegar of her nature had become concentrated sulphuric acid, ready to blacken and burn anything with which it came in contact.

It is the custom in Bohemia for young people to resort to the tavern on Sunday afternoon, for a dance. As soon as the fiddle or bagpipe is heard, the lads run into the streets, the girls appear at the cottage doors, and the children peep out of the windows. Young men and women then follow the musicians to the inn, and the dance begins.

Kattie was always the first to follow the fiddler, and to appear in the public-house; there she saw the lads whirling about with the lasses, but never in all her life had she been invited by any one to dance; Sunday after Sunday she tried her luck, and hoped against hope, no man solicited her hand as a partner. "Well!" said she impetuously one Sunday; "here am I getting an old woman, and I have never danced yet! never saw anything like the lads here! Such a set of clowns! This is provoking. I'd dance with any one, with the old Deil himself, if he were to ask me!" and she snapped her fingers, and stamped on the ground.

She bustled into the inn, sat down, and looked about her at the whirling, merry figures. Suddenly a gentleman in huntsman's suit came into the room, seated himself at the table, called for beer, and had a tumbler filled. Running his eye over the assembly, it rested on Kattie. He sprang to his feet, walked across the room, and with the most graceful bow, and with the most courteous air, offered her the glass.

Kattie, delighted at the attention, drank the beer with avidity, and made room for the gentleman to seat himself at her side. After a few words had passed between them, the stranger flung some silver to the fiddler, and asked for a "solo." The dancers deserted the centre of the room, cleared the area, and the gentleman led Kattie forth to dance.

"Bless us all! it will rain to-morrow!" exclaimed the old people, opening their eyes wide with astonishment.

The lads bit their fingers, and the girls hid their faces, to conceal their laughter. But Kattie saw no one; she was radiant with joy, now that she had a chance of dancing; and danced she would have, in spite of the whole world laughing.

All that afternoon, and all that evening, the strange gentleman danced with Kattie, and with her alone. He bought her gingerbread, almond-rock, and lemon-drops, and she ate and sucked to her heart's content.

As soon as the dancing came to an end, the stranger escorted her home.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Kattie; "would that I might dance with you for ever!"

"That is quite within the range of possibility," replied the stranger.

"Where do you live, sir?"

"Put your arms round my neck, and I will whisper to you." Kattie did so, and, presto! the stranger had become a fiend, and was flying with her to his home, a place which need not be specified. In he came at the door, bathed in a profuse perspiration; for his necklace was a heavy one.

"Now then, Kattie, let go," said he.

"Oh, never! never!"

"Come, there's a dear soul, take your arms off."

"Dearest, never!"

"Why whom have you got here?" asked the master of the spirit, in a voice of thunder which had in it a faint thrill of dismay.

"K-K-K-attie," panted the unfortunate devil, struggling to shake his fair load off.

"Kattie!" echoed his majesty, leaping off his throne, casting aside his bifurcated sceptre, and turning,—not exactly pale, but Oxford mixture; "Kattie! here's an end to our quiet life, if *that* woman becomes an inmate of Pandemonium. She'll bring the place down about our ears. Away with you, Moloch, and do not show your face in here till you have shaken off your dreadful encumbrance."

So there was nothing for it, but that the quondam Jäger, should return to earth, and free himself from the embrace of Kattie, as best he might.

He flew back wearily and despondingly, with a decided crick in his neck. On reaching earth, he seated himself on a flowery bank, and putting on a solemn expression, said in a hollow voice—

"Kattie, if you do not let go, I shall plunge you in molten brimstone!"

"Oh!" replied she, with *empressement*, "I fear no pain so long as I am with you," and she laid her head on his breast.

"Ahem!" Moloch looked vacantly at the landscape. "Kattie!" he resumed, as a brilliant idea entered his head, and illumined his countenance with a momentary gleam of ghastly joy: "Kattie, I am *so* rich; I will give you a mountain of solid gold, if you will only let go."

"What! leave you for filthy lucre? Never, never, never!" and she buried her head in his breast.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the spirit; "what is to be done now?"

He rose, and wandered despairingly over a desolate moor, which lay stretched before him.

Presently, staggering under his load, he came upon a young shepherd, in a sheepskin with all its wool upon it. The evil spirit resumed his former human form, and the shepherd was consequently quite ignorant of who he was.

"Why, my good sir, whom are you carrying?" asked the shepherd in perplexity.

"Ah, good friend, I scarcely know! why look you: I was walking peacefully along my way, without thinking of anything in particular, when, with a hop, skip and jump, this woman fastened herself to my neck, and will on no account let me go. I want to carry her to the next village, and there obtain my liberation; but I am scarcely in a fit condition to do so, my knees are shivering under me."

"Come now," said the compassionate peasant, "I will help you; but I cannot carry her for long, as I have my sheep to attend to: half the way—will that suit you?"

"Ah! I shall be thankful!"

"Now then you! hang yourself to me!" cried the shepherd, addressing Kattie.

The woman looked around, observed that the shepherd was infinitely preferable to Moloch; he was good-looking and young. She let go her hold on the Deil, and click,—she was fast as a spring collar round the shepherd's neck.

The man had now quite enough to carry, what with Kattie, and what with his immense sheepskin dress; and in a very short while he was tired, and strove to disengage himself from his encumbrance. In vain! Kattie would not listen to his remonstrances, and the more he struggled, the tighter she clung.

Presently he came near a pool. Oh! if he could but cast her in! But how? Could he manage to slip out of his sheepskin? No harm trying—but it must be done v-e-r-y cautiously—v-e-r-y gently. Hist! he has slipped one arm out, and Kattie is none the wiser. Hist! he has slipped the other arm out, and Kattie has not observed it. Now then! he slides his hand stealthily up his breast, and unbuttons the collar. He has undone one button, two, three—a bob of the head, a splash, and Kattie and the sheepskin are in the pond. She sinks—she rises;—and her expiring eyes rest upon the shepherd and the evil spirit dancing in an ecstacy of delight on the bank.

"My best of friends!" exclaimed Moloch, enthusiastically, "you have laid me under a lasting obligation; you have imposed upon me a debt of gratitude which I never can adequately discharge. But for you, I might have had Kattie hanging round my neck through eternity; I might never have been able to shake that woman off; and never," continued the spirit musingly, "never is a very long word! Now look you here, shepherd. I am—" in fewer words than I could express it, the spirit had described his nature to the young man;—"Well, and being what I am, it lies in my power to repay you, in my poor way, for what you have done. I will forthwith proceed to the next town, and will enter into, and possess the Chancellor. As soon as all doctors and exorcists have failed to free the Chancellor from me, do you go to the town and offer, for the recompense of two bags of dollars, to liberate the Chancellor from the evil spirit which torments him. Then come up to the bedside, say, 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly away out of the window, and enter into, and possess, the Prime Minister. When all other means of cure have failed, do you volunteer, at the price of two sacks of gold pieces, to free the Prime Minister. Come to him, say as before, 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly from him through the window, and possess the King. And now, I warn you, beware how you venture to attempt to expel me from the body of the King. Should you, notwithstanding this caution, risk the attempt, I shall infallibly tear you in pieces, limb from limb."

The shepherd expressed his acknowledgment in the best and most appropriate terms of which he was master.

"Ta, ta!" said the Deil, as he spread his wings and flew away.

"Ta, ta!" replied the shepherd, gravely, looking after him.

Shortly after this, a rumor spread through the country, that the Chancellor was not quite—to put it mildly—what he should be. It was whispered aside that the Chancellor had been playing pretty pranks, and that it was asserted by professors of medicine and of theology, that he was possessed by a bad spirit. All medicines allopathic and homœopathic, having failed to cure the Chancellor, the clergy took him in hand and tried the last approved forms of exorcism, but the Chancellor, or rather the Chancellor's tenant, was proof against all ecclesiastical demonstrations.

The young shepherd now came to the town, and loudly proclaimed his power to cure any one of diabolical possession. All other resources having failed, the King determined to give the shepherd a try, and so ordered him to visit, and prescribe for the Chancellor. As soon as the peasant entered the room, he saw that the condition of the highest law officer of the crown was critical. He was kicking his attendant, abusing them in language hardly consistent with the dignity of his position, and foaming at the mouth.

The shepherd demanded as his fee for curing him, two sacks of dollars, and they were readily promised. He now approached the unhappy man, whose convulsions became more terrible as he drew near.

"Hocus pocus!" said the shepherd *ore rotundo* and with a solemn face, at the same time making various fanciful signs in the air with his hands. Away flew the spirit, shivering the panes of glass in the window into countless fragments on his way. The shepherd received his fee, and returned to his cottage.

But it was soon noised abroad that something had gone wrong with the Prime Minister, and it was surmised that the demon which had been expelled from the Chancellor, had entered into the keeper of the King's conscience,—awkward, decidedly. What was to be done? Regular practitioners were applied to first, as a matter of course. The allopaths sapped the Minister's constitution with violent medicines, without expelling the evil spirit. The homœopaths did nothing at all; and the divines sent the devil to sleep. When all had failed, recourse was had to the quack, and at the price of two sacks of gold pieces the shepherd agreed to perform a cure. The circumstances resembled those in the former case, with one exception, the window was prudentially opened, and a glazier's bill saved. But now the evil spirit struck at higher game, and he took full and undisturbed possession of the monarch.

As might be expected, people were not one ha'porth the wiser for experience, and the usual allopathic, homœopathic, and ecclesiastical systems were tasked to recover the King, and proved, as every one knew would be the case, a failure. Then they sent for the shepherd, but he refused to come. They sent again and offered a room full of gold dust, but he persisted in his refusal, remembering the devil's warning. The Prime Minister now ordered out a regiment of horse, and had the shepherd-exorcist brought will-he nil-he. In vain did the poor man protest his inability to cure the King; the Prime Minister insisted, and the Chancellor threatened to put the law in force, which required that the bird which could sing and wouldn't sing, should be made to sing. Cowed by this threat the shepherd determined to do his best.

He entered the regal apartment. The King was howling and frothing at the mouth; and looked desperate.

"Halloo!" roared the spirit within; "you here, shepherd? did not I warn you not to attempt to cast me out of his Majesty?"

"Sandy," said the shepherd, putting on an expression of awe; and, stealing on tip-toe across the room, with his hand to his mouth, he whispered—"Do you think me such a *fool* as to attempt anything of the kind? I'm only come to tell you, dear friend, that—that—that—KATTIE IS OUT OF THE POND, AND IS INQUIRING AFTER YOU!"

"Kattie!" gasped the devil; "then I'm off!" and away he flew.

S. B. G.

Eastern Peris.

Miss Lott, who was governess to the son of the Viceroy of Egypt, does not give in her recent work, a very favorable opinion of Eastern ladies. The notion which one gets out of Moore's poems about the Peris of the Harem seems to be absurdly hyperbolical. Most of the Peris had faces pale as ashes, and exceedingly disagreeable, in Miss Lott's opinion; and their figures were fat and globular. They were constantly "whooping and hallooing out most indecent language," not being aware, as the authoress most justly observes, that

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

Their conversation "invariably touched upon things which in Europe are regarded as criminal, abominably indecent, filthy, and disgusting." Their dresses in an ordinary way were of muslin, dirty, filthy, and crumpled, "just as one might imagine the greatest slatterns in the back slums of St. Giles's would be seen walking about in when all their finery had been pledged." It is only when a visit from the Viceroy has been announced that they take any trouble about personal adornment, and then they only throw robes of gorgeous silk, glittering with diamonds, over their frowsy muslins. They appear not to wash the arms and neck, but only to rub a well-soaped rag over their faces and hands. They only comb their hair once a week, on the eve of their Sabbath; but on this occasion—festival it may almost be called—"it is well combed with a large small-tooth comb, and the members of the vermin family which were removed from it were legion." The authoress, it may be noticed, has a singularly graceful way of referring to the vermin family. When at the old Palace in Constantinople, she suddenly found that her body-linen was "completely covered with a family of the Browns, who rejoice in the patronymic of bug." This is a really charming paraphrase, so simple and so thoroughly elegant. A fastidious person might object to so much talk about so unsavory a topic.

☞ At one of the Paris theatres the spectator is shown the mode of dressing from the Creation to the present day, and living models walk out of a huge book of fashions to illustrate the different periods.

THE OLD FRIEND STILL.

As Time speeds on with relentless wing,
He is bringing a change to all.
The daisies peep from the lap of spring,
And the oak leaves fade and fall.
The new grows old, and the old departs,
And the years their cycles fill—
The friend that's new may be kind and true,
But give me the old friend still.

The friend that I loved when the Spring was born,
That was true when the Summer died,
That was still unchanged through the ebb and flow
Of my life's unstable tide.
The flower that blooms in the sun's warm ray
May fade when the night is chill—
The friend that's new may be kind and true,
But give me the old friend still.

Ah, give me the clasp of the same warm hand
That I felt in the days of yore,
And give me the heart that time has proved
Is true to its inmost core.
For Time speeds on, and the friends are few
That the void in the heart can fill—
The friend that's new may be kind and true,
But give me the old friend still.

A PERPLEXED OFFICIAL.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

In the "good old times," as our ancient friends are wont to remark, when railroads were unknown, and stage-coaches universally patronized and believed to be the best vehicles of transportation that could ever be invented for the convenience of travellers, a certain well-known executive started from the seat of government in the Granite state, to visit another person enjoying an equally exalted station at the "hub." Wishing to present his friend with some gift worthy of his acceptance, he had, the day before, deputed his amiable spouse, in his absence to a neighboring town, to obtain of her father, a rare old angler, the finest salmon that could be procured. It was with no little pride that he contemplated the joy and warm thanks the gratified recipient of this present would manifest, as he received the fish, carefully wrapped in napkins, from the hands of his wife.

At noon the stage stopped an hour for dinner and rest at a small inn, the proprietor of which was formerly an intimate schoolmate of our honorable traveller. Among other subjects discussed at the table, as the old acquaintances sat together, the governor chanced to mention the valuable present he was bearing to his Boston friend. The landlord, who was much of a wag, by the way, desired to see the fish, and being informed that it had been left in the bar-keeper's charge, managed, just as the stage was starting off, to substitute in place of the salmon, unknown to any one, a fine fresh haddock.

In due time the honorable gentleman from New Hampshire arrived at the capital of the old Bay State, and was announced at once to the ruling dignitary. After the business that occasioned the trip had been discussed, and wine ordered, with marked impressiveness the traveller presented the carefully folded up representative of the finny tribe to his official friend, with the remark:—

"There, sir, is a specimen of what our state can furnish of *salmon!*"

Opening the package, to the surprise of the recipient, he beheld, instead of what he had fondly expected to see, nothing else than the landlord's innocent haddock.

"Why, my dear *sir*," said he, "this is not a salmon, but an uncommonly nice haddock."

The New Hampshire gentleman was aghast with dismay; he could not, for a moment, suppose his wife would perpetrate such a bold sell upon him, so he knew not what to think.

He apologized for the mistake as well as possible, and bowed himself out of the office, fish in hand, and took the homeward route, with the unlucky gift still in his possession.

When he arrived at the hotel where the exchange had been effected, he unburdened his misfortune to the secretly chuckling landlord, and vowed his determination to carry the fish home, and endeavor to unravel the mystery. As the stage was again upon the point of bearing him away, his old acquaintance succeeded in replacing the salmon in its original package, and obtained his own property.

The excitement of the deluded man was at fever heat when dropped at his own door, and it was in rather an irascible mood that he addressed his "better-half," who was very solicitous regarding his health after so fatiguing a jaunt, and full of queries concerning his adventures. Unable to control his displeasure when she inquired if the Governor of Massachusetts was pleased with the nice present he had taken to him, he exclaimed:

"*That salmon was nothing but a blamed old haddock!*"

It was now her turn to be surprised; and learning he had brought it back, she sought the kitchen, and soon returned radiant with triumph, and throwing the fish directly under his eyes, said, "Dare you say that this is not as choice a salmon as ever swam?"

Hardly trusting his vision, and thoroughly aroused, perplexed and mystified, he burst out with the voice of a Titan, "Confound a fish *that will be a salmon in New Hampshire, and a haddock in Massachusetts!*"

"MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING."

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me, if you can,—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for,—now ponder it well."

Over the carpet, the dear little feet,
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you."

☞ A delicate young lady, whose pa has "struck oil," has discarded the [illegible] phrase "putting on airs," and substituted the refined improvement, "assuming your persons in atmospheric apparel."

All Out of Doors.

A Mystery of San Francisco.

BY "DOGBERRY," THE DEPRESSED NOVELIST OF THE GOLDEN ERA.

INTRODUCTION.

Our attention has been arrested by the great use made of doors in modern novels. Our present work will be all doors, and will let everything out ever yet published.

CHAPTER FIRST.

The stovepipe, projecting from the window of the house opposite, leaned to the North, as usual, and the smoke issuing therefrom gave the only sign of the occupancy of the dwelling.

Jacques issued from the front door of the mansion, looked out in the street, walked a little to the right, then a little to the left, turned round, stood on his head, danced a little, and then returned to the house by the back door. He approached the door of an interior apartment, when a side door to the left of him suddenly opened, and a richly attired woman suddenly made her appearance.

"What wouldst thou here?" she said.

Jacques knew her. It was the same woman he had seen disappear in the door of the mysterious mansion in Kearny street, five months before, and about five minutes before he had been kicked out of the back door of a house in Montgomery street.

"I—I came to get this week's washing," said Jacques, in a weak, irresolute voice.

"You lie, you're after the spoons," replied the richly-attired female, drawing a revolver from the folds of her crinoline.

Jacques started to run. She banged away at him, first with one barrel, then another, without doing him any injury.

Jacques tried eight doors in the long corridor, but they were, alas, all, all locked. The infuriated female whanged away at him with another barrel, but the shot went wide of its mark, and pierced the door at the end of the hall, making the customary hole which most bullets do, whenever they go through a door. A loud scream issued from within and then all was silent.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Jacques found another door. Fortunately it was unlocked. A loud knocking was heard at the front door of the mansion, and then the tramping of many feet on the stairs, and the opening and shutting of many doors below, gave intimation that the disturbance had been heard from the street.

Jacques found himself in an apartment with only three doors, which was a very limited number for the mansion in which this scene was taking place.

One of these doors bore a remarkable resemblance to a door which Jacques had before seen in the Station House.

He shuddered.

He burst it open. A white face appeared. The face terrified him. He rushed to the window. From that high elevation he saw the doors of the houses opposite crowded with people. He rushed again to the other door. Then he tried the back door. Somebody knocked at the front door. Two doors to the left was an open window, which naturally looked out of doors. He heard the sanguinary female bursting in no end of doors, in search of him, in the rear, while the police were smashing all the doors in the lower apartments.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Suddenly a door to the left of him mysteriously opened.

A black face appeared.

The now thoroughly terrified Jacques rushed toward the sable visage. He beckoned him onward, through door after door, some opening inward, some opening outward.

Passing by one, he caught a glimpse of another elegantly attired female, who slammed away at him with an old fashioned regulation musket.

"Did you knock," said she, in a mild, silvery voice.

"Did you shoot?" said the somewhat startled Jacques.

"I did. You must have a very fine ear," said the silvery voice.

"I heard you playing, and thinking I might be denied admission, I pushed the door open," said the now enamored Jacques.

"Which door?" said she.

"The seventh one to the left, as near as I can recollect," said the bewildered Jacques.

As this apartment had ten doors, it was but natural that Jacques should be somewhat puzzled as to the means of ingress.

"That is my bed-room door," said the elegant female, sternly.

She made a motion, as if to draw the trigger of her other barrel, and Jacques wildly leaped for another door, flew through a panel and found himself at the open front door.

At the same moment, the police, in a body, flew through the back door; the two heroic females burst through two opposite doors and flew into each other's arms; all the other doors went to with a slam, and there was a general opening and shutting of doors all through the neighborhood.

The first case of trichiniasis which has been known in this country appeared in Detroit, Mich., last week. The disease has committed great ravages in Germany and other parts of Europe, and is caused by eating diseased pork. The victim in this case was a young German lady, on whose body a *post mortem* examination was held, when the microscope revealed large numbers of these little worms imbedded in the fibres of the muscles. The young lady died in great pain. The doctor who attended her states that neither smoking nor frying will destroy them, and it takes long and hard boiling to effect it, and they are found in all kinds of hog flesh.

A TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE.—The liquid of the blood is colorless, and its red appearance is due to the presence of innumerable little bodies floating in it, which are so small that three millions of them are contained in a drop which may be suspended on the point of a needle. These corpuscles are now filled with a compound substance, and it has been ascertained what both the film of the case and its contents are composed of. Each one of these little bodies has its own life. They are formed and grow, and die; and it is calculated that nearly twenty millions perish at every pulsation of the heart.

TO A———. A VALENTINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. S. COREY.

"Well, peace to thy heart, though another's it be."

Ay! peace to thy heart! 'tis the prayer of my own,
Which beat but with thine in the years that are gone.
Though the fullness of rapture around it that lay,
Is gone from its musings this many a day;
And the young dreams lie scattered, that proudly and high,
Grew up in that heart 'neath the glance of thine eye;
That brightened its waste with a beautiful bloom,
As the May of thy friendship shone soft o'er its gloom;
Unfolded their leaves to a shadowless sky,
As the breath of thy tenderness warmly went by;
And drooped not, and paled not, through many a day,
When afar from my vision thy life wore away;
But bowed their bright petals low, low in the dust,
As thy seeming neglect first awakened distrust,
Looking upward as softly some hope whispered near,
And again stricken low 'neath the blighting of fear;
Till vexed with the torture my spirit awoke,
In anger and pride from its love-fetters broke,
The golden enchantment which wrapped it unwound,
And trampled its blossoms in scorn on the ground.
Though thy voice like a music seemed luring me yet,
I turned from its sweetness, I hoped, to forget.
I have not forgotten thee! strangely the thrill
Of that low, winning melody haunteth me still,
And still through all visions, thy beautiful eye
Looks out from the spot where I bade thee good-by.
Still trembles my hand in the clasp of thine own,
As, ere from my pathway thy footstep was gone.
I see through this twilight the gleam of thy brow,
And I call to the phantom, half dreaming 'tis thou.
The magic is broken, the vision is flown.
I sit 'midst the dreariness mute and alone,
Nor know if, afar in thy separate track,
Thine eye to the bygone turns mournfully back.
I know not if e'er mid the sunlight and bloom
Of thy happier destiny, cometh a gloom,
A sigh, for the radiance so softly that lay
On our brief, bright companionship, gone to decay.
I know not if nightly the spectres that glide
Through the shades of thy spirit, when none are beside,
Of grief, or of anger, or love, or regret,
Wear the looks which I wore in the days when we met;
If e'er, through its silence, at memory's call,
Floats faintly the cadence of voices, that fall
On the hush of thy musings, like mine, in the flow
Of its girlish enjoyment, those summers ago;
If the old words sound sweetly again and again;
Or thy lingering remembrances only retain
The tones of our parting, the saddest and last;
Or if even that farewell is flung to the past.
I know that I wronged thee. Thy faith was unchanged,
And thy heart was aye true when I deemed it estranged.
I know that the blight of our beautiful dream
Was the blighting of years that were dark for its beam;
That the pain of our parting was needlessly given,
And the sore hearts bled long when their tendrils were riven.
Oh! friend of the past, of the few fleeting years
That opened in rapture, and left us in tears,
It is well that all torture is deadened at last;
That time sheds a balm on the pangs of the past.
It is well that the sorrow which clouded our sky,
Hath blue breaks that broaden as life hurries by;
That love, whose fair promise was broken of yore,
Should rest a bright head on thy bosom once more,
And the bliss of thy morning years, shrouded so soon,
Be repaid in the peace of the still afternoon;
That the rest I have prayed for hath fallen at last,
In the calm glow of autumn when summer is past;
When my blossoms were swept by a pitiless storm,
That life's Indian-summer lies mellow and warm.
It is well! But ah! friend, o'er a present like this,
Will flash beams from a past that was golden with bliss;
And our hearts that were kindred by many a tie,
Must still wear one fetter till life has gone by;
Must be linked by a dream that was Love while we met,
That was Sorrow for years, and is Memory yet.

A BITTER LESSON.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

"Don't go, Helen. Can you not for once sacrifice your pride to your husband's happiness? It may save you years of regret and pain."

"No, Charles is unreasonable, Annie, and I will show him that I am not a child to be driven by frowns into his ways and wishes."

The young wife's beautiful face wore a hard, determined expression, as she stood before the long mirror in her elegant dressing room, fastening a spray of scarlet flowers in her black hair. The gentle eyes of a middle aged lady regarded her sorrowfully, for Mrs. Tilbury was not naturally wilful or unamiable, and she saw in her present action the result of her brother's mistaken policy, in refusing to accompany his wife to a brilliant evening party which she had set her heart upon attending. He was domestic and home loving in his disposition, while she was gay and lively; but she had ever deferred to his wishes, and sacrificed much for his pleasure. Unfortunately the longing to go out in the olden way had proved so strong as to cause her to plead for the indulgence, and he had refused her without any reasonable grounds for that refusal. She was made to feel that he was selfish in the action, and her proud spirit rose up in rebellion against what she came to regard almost as tyranny, in the excitement of the moment. There had been sharp, bitter words for the first time in the course of their married life, and each felt sorely aggrieved. The result was the non-appearance of Mr. Tilbury at the usual dinner hour, and the firm resolve of his wife to go without him, and against his will. Miss Tilbury, who was residing with them—an only sister, an invalid, and a quiet, gentle, intelligent woman—had seen and heard all with a heavy heart, clearly perceiving the dangerous ground on which those two young people were standing. Knowing how vain it was to strive with her brother's will when he had declared his purposes, she turned to Helen, hoping an appeal to her better nature might accomplish the desired effect. But she had mistaken the strength of Helen's will when the latter imagined herself wronged, and might as well have appealed to the stars to descend, as to entreat the young wife to leave her purpose now. The curled, rigid lip—the steadfast, glowing eye spoke a spirit aroused not easy to quell.

"But Helen, dear, think what you hold in your hands. As a woman, the arbitress of a loving man's fate, you are too wholly responsible to act lightly or wilfully without counting what may be the cost. In all differences of feeling, even when men are most unreasonable, it is the woman's place to yield, where so much is at stake. I know Charles so well that I tremble for the result. He will never get over it."

"I can understand, Annie, how natural it is for you to take part with your brother against me in this matter. He is your brother, and has always ruled your yielding, plastic nature to his will. I am not like you. If I have been the slave of his wishes, it was because I loved him too well to set myself up in opposition to him. But I was wrong all the time, and have known myself so. He has presumed upon his power to deprive me of the most harmless enjoyments. I have been cut off from society like a nun, and had the mortification of knowing that my old friends comment upon it to my husband's detriment. In permitting it, I do him a wrong as well as myself, and it shall be so no longer. I do not so much care to go out as you may think, though I do often long for change from the constant quiet after so gay a life as I have been accustomed to. If Charles would go with me, I should feel so proud of him—noble, handsome as he appears! But here I have been for more than a year, spending evening after evening at home, without any kind of amusement. He does not even think of taking me to the Opera, which I love passionately. If I hint it, he places my music before me and tells me I can myself sing and play as well as those Italians or Germans who torture music loving souls with their labored efforts at acting without ability to succeed! For society, I have you with your crochet, and your brother with his newspaper, which he never cares to read aloud! Were this not a constant, daily thing, I certainly would not complain. As it is, I cannot longer refrain. His frowns and disapprobation have too long kept me in chains. Now I become myself, and break them in defiance of his unreasonable displeasure. If he cannot care for my pleasure at all, or make some sacrifice for my gratification, I must look to others for what he refuses me. Jenny, ring and ask if brother Arthur is waiting in the parlor."

Miss Tilbury sighed wearily. The long speech which Mrs. Tilbury had just uttered was not devoid of truth. There should not be sacrifice all upon one side and selfishness upon the other, she knew well. But she was fully conscious also that her brother had not meant to be selfish. If Helen would only allow herself to be influenced in the matter, now that trouble had arisen, she felt persuaded that Charles would see his error and appreciate his wife's forbearance; while, on the contrary, if she persisted in her course, the breach might be irreparable. With a very heavy heart she heard the arrival of Mr. Arthur Orton announced, and saw Helen sweep toward the door with the step of a queen. One great pang forced her to follow and make a last appeal.

"Oh, Helen, you *will* go?"

"Yes, Annie, I *will* go."

The young wife paused and turned a royally beautiful, haughty face to her sister-in-law. The anguish in the gentle woman's eyes softened her a little, and she hesitated a moment. Then she recrossed the room, put one little jewelled hand over Miss Tilbury's shoulder, and kissed the pale cheek.

"Do not worry and look so miserable, Annie. Am I going to commit a crime, that you should so dread what I do? Charles must be taught what is due to his wife, if he will not see for himself. Do not sit up long, but go to bed in peace. I will not be out very late. Now, good night, dear, silly sister."

Tears rained over that sister's cheeks, and the beautiful vision glided away, not happily, but with that proud spirit of defiance and wilfulness that brings its own punishment. As she entered the parlor, her brother exclaimed in rapture at her appearance, and his eyes danced with pride and fondness as he thought of the admiration she must win. No man entered the brilliant drawing-rooms of the great man of the town that night with such feelings of contentment as swelled in Arthur Orton's breast. The temporary sense of anger Mr. Tilbury's refusal had caused him when his sister apprised him of her need of him as an escort, faded away in the delight of the sensation he created with so lovely a vision beside him. It was a failing of the Ortons to take inordinate pride in family beauty and gentle blood. From this one weakness had arisen errors that had marred the happiness of more than one of the unfortunately gifted race.

And yet it is not to be wondered at if his head erected itself more triumphantly, or her cheek kindled as they moved through the crowd, hearing upon all sides the comments and exclamations her beauty excited. Her reappearance in society was in itself a noteworthy event. Ladies so unusually handsome are seldom known to give up all the attractions of the world for a quiet fireside, and her retirement had occasioned no little wonder. Now the reappearance of an acknowledged belle, more beautiful than in her first year as a *débutante*, drew scores of eager and curious and pleased friends around her.

In a short time her tablets were filled, and she found herself in the bewildering saloon, gliding through the dance, under a blaze of lights, and ravished by the sound of entrancing music. Her eyes burned, her red lips wreathed with smiles, while the soft glow on her cheeks deepened to vivid crimson. In the pleasure of the hour, all her unhappy feelings passed away, and she was joyous. Never had she been so witty and brilliant—never so courted, admired, surrounded, flattered. It was all like a bewildering dream, a fairy scene of eastern splendor and delight.

"Mrs. Tilbury, is it possible this can be you?" A tall, stately gentleman had made his way to her side, and bent over her hand with courtly grace. He had once been her admirer, and report had coupled her name with his as her most favored suitor, a fact which had given her much pain, for he was too unprincipled and calculating with all his wealth, polish and refinement, to win a heart like hers. Many eyes were upon the pair now, conscious of the past in relation to them, and she was compelled to appear cold and unmoved in fear of misconstruction, even while she trembled in every limb.

"Yes, it is I indeed," she laughed. "Were you at a loss to recognize me? Fie, I had not thought to be so soon forgotten."

In her effort to appear at ease, she had said the very thing she ought not to have said.

"Not forgotten," he murmured. "I was but surprised, for you have so long foresworn society. How could you be so cruel? Or rather, how could Mr. Tilbury be so selfish as to rob us of our queen? Some valiant champion of society's claims should call him out."

What a pang shot through her heart. Did this man dare to imply a reproach in his speech about her husband. Was the old leaven of his fierce jealousy at work to mete out an ungenerous revenge for the disappointment she had caused him in wedding another and a better man? Already the spell was fading, and the intoxicating cup was tinged with bitter drops. From another those words might have sounded meaningless badinage; from him they could not be so; and as she trembled more violently with involuntary resentment, his full, fixed eye mercilessly rested on her flushed face. She had not expected or thought of this trial! And now sprang in her heart the longing for that fireside she had abandoned so wilfully—its safety, security and peace!

"Will you take my arm for a promenade, Mrs. Tilbury? You look warm."

She could not decline, and placed her gloved hand reluctantly upon his sleeve. He quietly drew the little member to a firmer resting place, and walked on, ignoring her agitation, and talking animatedly on indifferent topics until she regained confidence. With her confidence, pride returned, and a sort of sophistical vein of reasoning with it which stifled the thought of going away. How silly she was! Did not her position as Charles Tilbury's wife furnish her sufficient protection; and was not her own brother near her, to shield from misconstruction? Better if she had not thought thus? Far better if she had followed the first natural impulse that rose in this man's presence, and fled the scene at once.

"Helen, you had better shun that man," whispered Arthur once as he passed near and found an opportunity to speak unheard. "His devotion excites comment."

Mrs. Tilbury lifted her head haughtily.

"Arthur! This from you! Am I a flirt that people should dare to comment upon my actions! Have I not the blood of the Ortons in my veins? I am not a coquette or a coward, and I defy the world if it dares to criticise my actions."

"Oh, child, be careful! Such a spirit can do you harm, only—not good. Your Orton pride and courage will not prove an invulnerable shield against envy and malicious scandal. I am your brother and a man of the world. Be advised by me."

Evidently he was a man of the world, for he covered his earnest words by only a slight show of brotherly attention, and laughingly left her.

Mrs. Tilbury had a great deal of natural delicacy and tact, with which she managed without seeming intent, to keep Mr. Hudson at a distance. If, sometimes he got near her after that warning from Arthur, she made him retire in spite of himself, and leave her to others, a course which galled him exceedingly, the more so as he knew that his presence inwardly chafed her, and he was unmanly enough to delight in a triumph born of her fears of public opinion.

But the battle was a severe one, and intensely wearied her. She longed to escape, and looked around for Arthur that she might ask him to take her home. At that moment Mr Hudson was in conversation with a lady at a little distance, and had not his watchful glance upon her. Wishing to escape without being noticed by him, she glanced through the crowd eagerly.

"For whom are you looking?" asked a gentleman with whom she had just finished a quadrille.

"My brother. Ah, I see him over there by the folding doors. Will you be good enough to conduct me to him?"

"Shall I not bring him here?"

"O, no! I prefer to walk. These rooms are hot, and that is nearer the conservatories."

They made their way through the crowd till they came near him, when suddenly Mr. Orton disappeared. They followed and caught sight of him as he passed on to the green-house with a lady on his arm. Mr. Carleton smiled.

"Shall we disturb him?" he asked.

"I think not this moment. Please to leave me here on this chair. I feel like resting, and when he returns he will be sure to see me. I am much obliged and will not detain you longer."

He would have lingered, but her tone and manner deterred him. With a low bow he withdrew, and left her alone. Through the open door came the low plash of a fountain and the odor of spicy plants. She could not resist the desire to enter the delightful place and rest under the leafy shadows, and so arose and glided swiftly within the conservatory.

"I shall see Arthur as he goes back," she said to herself, "and I am so weary!"

She dropped upon a rustic chair and leaned her hot brow against a marble vase which stood upon a pedestal. A shower of rich petals fell over her as she did so, breathing their exquisite fragrance all around her. Amid the cool freshness and beauty, she sat and thought—thought regretfully of the step she had taken, wishing that she had possessed the power to stifle pride and spare herself this heavy heart-ache!

Ah, Helen, not yet is thy lesson complete! Not yet is the cup more than tasted which contains the bitter draught!

"Helen, why did you fly me?"

The young wife started up with a cry, striving vainly to shake the hot, close grasp of Mr. Hudson's fingers from her hand.

"Be still," he said in low, concentrated tones, "for you must hear me. I see how it is. You are not happy with your despotic husband. He shuts you from the world as we would imprison a captive, and wastes your superb beauty on senseless walls. He is jealous of you, and wrongs you with his want of confidence. Where is your womanly pride, that you submit to it? Oh, Helen, had you been mine, it would not have been thus. A jewel so rare and beautiful I should have been proud to wear before all men, and I should so exalt myself in the honor of your possession, no thought of jealousy could ever enter my mind. He never loved you as I did—as I do still and must—"

Helen struggled, threw up her hands and sank like a crushed thing to the ground. This man's words had seemed to wither and blast her. They had struck her dumb with indignation, and before she could break the spell, a pale face gleamed through the leafy covert between them and the door. That pale face and those burning eyes which seemed to blaze upon her, instantly disappeared, and as Charles Tilbury turned his back to hasten from the spot, his wife sank senseless at Mr. Hudson's feet.

He had not been quite prepared for this, and for a moment knew not what to do. But the first thing that occurred to him, was to dash water in her face. Seeing nothing near to convey any in to the lady, he dipped his handkerchief hastily in the little fountain, and applied it to the white face. She stirred, gasped, struggled and sat up. He raised her and supported her with his arm, not daring to speak, and by the dim light she saw his face as she looked up in bewilderment. Instantly the color rushed back to her white lips, and with an imperious gesture, she wrung herself from his grasp, sweeping from the place with the air of an insulted empress. He could not see how she trembled, or hear her heart beat with the sudden weakness that had been the result of her illness; he only saw the proud carriage of the beautiful head—the fierce flash of the blazing eye.

Straight through the crowd to her brother she made her way, and placed her hand upon his arm.

"Arthur, I am ill. Take me home."

He looked down at her in alarm, as well he might, for already the blood had again receded, leaving her as pallid as snow.

"Why, what is it? What has happened?"

"Take me home," she gasped, "and ask me no questions."

In a few moments he had placed her in her carriage and prepared to follow her. She put out her hand.

"Stay here, Arthur, and do not come with me. I ask it as a great favor, and you *must* obey my wishes."

"Why, Helen, what *is* the matter?"

"I simply do not want you. Let me go home alone, and at some early date I will tell you why. Now good-night."

The carriage drove away the same moment, and the bewildered man stood looking after it in amazement.

"What *is* the reason that all women will be enigmatical?" he muttered discontentedly. "I never saw Helen in such a tantrum. Sick, and will not let me take her home. By Jove, if that Hudson has had anything to do with this I will cane him within an inch of his life!"

In some excitement he returned to the drawing-rooms and passed through them in search of that gentleman. It was with a deep sense of relief that he found him in the room farthest from the conservatory, quietly seated beside a lady with whom he was conversing in calm serenity. If anything had occurred between him and his sister, he would not so soon have been there and so coolly engaged. He had forgotten that men of the world are most consummate hypocrites and actors, generally speaking. Satisfied upon this point, he came to the conclusion that it was merely a woman's whim, and dismissed it from his thoughts, lingering for half an hour longer in the parlors ere he took his departure.

Meantime Mrs. Tilbury had reached home, and hastened up to her room. Had her husband been there, she would have humbled herself at once, thrown herself upon his mercy and acknowledged her fault; but the room was silent, and the gas burned dimly. She could bear the heavy throbbings of her own heart with painful distinctness as she restlessly paced back and forth. What had become of Charles? Why had he not returned? She expected to find him there, and furiously angry, but now a new and terrible fear arose—a fear that he had lingered to demand satisfaction of her cowardly insulter, and that something dreadful would arise out of it. There was no one whom she could send; and if there had been how could she give directions by which her husband could be found? It was a trying hour. Truly was she beginning now to taste the bitter cup of repentance.

Back and forth she paced with hands wrung together in speechless anguish. The tiara that bound her night-black hair fell off and lay in a glittering heap at her feet, but she did not heed it. Jewels flashed from her arms and bosom—glowed in her dress, sparkled on her fingers, but their powerful beauty had no powerful charm now to still the anguish of her heart. A picture of splendid misery she swept up and down the long room, scorning the peerless beauty that had given her pride—out of which pride had sprung the evils which brought her to this strait.

"Oh, my God," she prayed fervently, "spare me the consequences of my folly. Save my husband from harm or from rashness. The fault is all mine. Let the punishment come upon me, but not through him—my husband! Oh, Charles! Charles!"

She fell upon her knees beside a chair, burying her face in the cushions, smothering the sobs that rose wildly in her throat and struggled for utterance.

Hours passed. The gray dawn was dispelling the darkness of night, when the strained ear of the young wife caught the sound of a cautious step ascending the stairs. She sprang to her feet breathlessly and waited his entrance. In a moment he came in, his hands and linen covered with blood!

"Charles! Charles! oh, my God, have you murdered him?"

The words rang in a wail through the room.

"No; you need not be alarmed, madam. I have only caned him as he deserved. I had to wait a long time before I could catch him, but when I did do so, I gave him a souvenir of this night's folly he will never forget. So pitiful a poltroon I would never stoop to fight. Caning was all he was entitled to at the hands of an honorable man."

Helen's eyes flashed. Before he was aware of her intention her arms were round him, her kisses on his face.

"Oh, Charles, my darling! thank you! I am glad, glad! All that I feared was ill to you. If he had injured you I should have murdered him! Oh, that he should *dare* to utter such words to me!"

"Helen!"

He held her off from him sternly.

"I charge you as you value our future, to tell me truthfully if you did not know Clement Hudson was to be at Mrs. Burton's to-night?"

"No; as I live, I did not know he was in America. When did I ever stoop to falsehood that you should thus adjure me?"

Mr. Tilbury took a hasty turn through the room. He was very much disturbed. Finally he paused and looked at her.

"Helen, I cannot be otherwise than open with you always. I have loved you so, I was jealous of everything. Do you think I did not know that I wronged your feelings in keeping you from the world? But you are so beautiful you cannot help exciting admiration, and to see a set of contemptible puppies following you would make me wretched. It has been unutterably sweet to have you all to myself, safe and free from the horrible pollution of a corrupt world. And I could not bear to think of losing this sweetness and peace from my life. Whenever you have mentioned balls, parties, or operas, it has filled me with fear. Doubly so has it been, since you spoke of this one, and I knew that he was to be there. I thought you knew it, and my jealous heart whispered that in this lay the cause of your obstinate persistance, and I may be pardoned if it agonized me. I resolved to follow and see for myself. Was what I did see calculated to calm my fears—or what I heard him utter to you soothing? Concealed, I watched your return to consciousness, and saw your manner of leaving him. That saved my faith in you. By a side door I reached the street and saw you leave. Then I watched for him, and castigated him well for the insult. Oh, Helen, I ought to have killed him! To think of the words he dared to utter in your ear!"

"Charles, forgive me! It was my own wilfulness which brought it upon me. I did not dream of harm or danger, and I felt only that you wronged me in your denial to gratify what I thought an innocent wish. God only knows what I have suffered this night. The lesson has been enough for a life time, and out of such folly can come no more like it."

She bowed her proud, beautiful head upon his arm, and wept, while he put his other arm around her and pressed a kiss upon her cheek.

It was not a lesson for her only. He had extracted one as much needed, and in after time was less selfish, and more careful of her wishes. He knew that he had not been blameless, and in giving her the protection of his presence, made his own happiness and hers, by securing her from harm, and ministering to innocent desires, which, however, she seldom required indulged by going into gay society.

The Home of a Rothschild.

A correspondent of the London Telegraph thus describes Ferrieres, the home of Baron James de Rothschild:

"When the Compiegne festivities are over those of Ferrieres commence. Baron James de Rothschild selects the month of December as his special season for receiving his guests, because it is the season wherein he can best enjoy his favorite pastimes of hunting, shooting, etc. As at Compiegne, the Baron's guests are invited in four series; and if it were possible to exceed the magnificence of imperial Compiegne, the Baron would certainly outrival Napoleon III. The estate of La Ferriere was purchased thirty years ago by Rothschild from the heirs of Fouche, Duke of Otranto, for the sum of 2,000,000f. It has since been considerably increased, and it now consists of 37,000 English acres. Like the great Frederick, who vainly tried to purchase the mill of Sans Souci which came 'twixt the wind and his nobility, the baron has vainly endeavored to buy a farm of fifteen acres which happens to be in the centre of his vast domain. The gold of the Rothschilds will not tempt the obdurate *paysan* to part with his beloved heritage. Curious to say, the adjoining estates belong to the mighty Pereires, the only name in France which in point of financial power can rival that of Rothschild.

"The Emperor's visit in 1863 to La Ferriere will be remembered. Every hour which his Majesty breathed in this superb mansion cost the host a million. Till that time no artist had been allowed to sketch the chateau; and it being a hideous amalgamation of incorrect style, such as would give Mr Ruskin a shiver even to contemplate in a photograph, I think the baron evinced his good sense in not permitting his house to be seen in prints. Imagine a huge building, partly old English and partly Chinese in its decoration, surrounded by exquisite grounds, in the designs of which Paxton had no inconsiderable part, immense tanks well stocked with fish, and an indescribable air of artificial ornament pervading the whole, which conveys to one the idea that one of the sumptuous palaces in the Champs Elysees has been transported to the flat plains of La Brie.

"The interior arrangements, however, are faultless—a double staircase leads to the hall, which is eighty-five feet in height, and lit from the roof by a dome of glass, illuminated at night by 1,150 gas burners. The gallery separates this vast hall from the dwelling-rooms, each of which would supply in itself enough treasures for a very respectable exhibition. Byzantine arm chairs, pictures by Velasquez, Joseph Vernet, Guido, Vandyke, and I know not how many more great masters, almost fatigue the spectator by their repeated claims for admiration. The most comfortable chair in the *salon de famille* was once the throne of a Chinese Emperor, presented by that Celestial to a Rothschild. A sofa in this said room is covered by Oriental embroidery bearing the Imperial Dragon. The baron's private study is furnished with Gobelin tapestry worked from designs by Boucher. The walls of the smoking-room are entirely covered by Russia leather, exactly the tint of a cigar, and on this costly material Eugene Laury has painted exquisite frescoes. The family dining-room is decorated with sporting subjects, executed by Philippe Rousseau. It opens on a small and very plain synagogue. It was in the large dining-room that the Emperor and his suite partook of the celebrated luncheon in 1862, served on Bernard de Pallisey china and plate chiselled by Gouthieres."

A Model Wife.—She is all in all; gentle as a ring-dove, yet high-soaring as a falcon; humble below her deserving, yet deserving beyond the estimate of panegyric; an exact economist in all superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all liberality; the chief regulator of her household, the fairest pillar of her hall, and the sweetest flower of her bower—having in all apposite proceedings, sense to understand, judgment to weigh, discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, diligence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish, and resolution to maintain.

☞ The president of the French society entitled Œuvre de la Jeunesse, has arranged, it is said, with a certain number of sugar-plum makers to insert in their dainties short extracts from the most esteemed religious works.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WINTER BOUQUETS.

An Incident in the Life of an American Citizen.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

The poor man's garden lifeless lay
Beneath a pall of snow,
But Art, in costly greenhouses,
Kept Summer in full glow.
And Taste paid gold for bright bouquets,
The parlor vase that dress,
That scented Fashion's gay boudoir,
Or bloomed on Beauty's breast.

A rich man sat beside the fire
Within his sculptured halls;
Brave heart, clear head, and busy hands,
Had reared those stately walls.
He to his gardener spake, and said
In tone of quiet glee—
"I want a hundred fine bouquets—
Canst make them, John, for me?"

John's eyes became exceeding round,
This question when he heard;
He gazed upon his master,
And he answered not a word.
"Well, John"—the rich man laughing said,
"If these too many be,
What savest to half the number, man?—
Canst fifty make for me?"

Now John prized every flower, as 'twere
A daughter or a son,
And thought, like Regan, "what the need
Of fifty, or of one?"
But keeping back the thought, he said,
"I think, sir, that I might;
But it would leave my lady's flowers
In very ragged plight."

"Well, John, thy vegetable pets
Must needs respected be;
We'll halve the number once again—
Make twenty-five for me.
And hark ye, John, when they are made,
Come up and let me know;
And I'll give thee a list of those
To whom the flowers must go."

The twenty-five bouquets were made,
And round the village sent;
And to whom, thinkest thou, my friend,
These floral jewels went?
Not to the beautiful and proud—
Not to the rich and gay—
Who, Dives-like, at Luxury's feast
Are seated every day.

An aged Pastor, on his desk
Saw those fair preachers stand;
A Widow wept upon the gift,
And blessed the giver's hand.
Where Poverty bent o'er her task,
They cheered the lonely room,
And round the bed where Sickness lay,
They breathed Health's fresh perfume.

Oh! kindly heart and open hand—
Those flowers in dust are trod,
But they bloom to weave a wreath for thee,
In the Paradise of God.
Sweet is the minstrel's task, whose song
Of deeds like these may tell;
And long may he have power to give,
Who guides that power so well!

Philadelphia.

KATTIE AND "THE DEIL."

A CURIOUS BOHEMIAN STORY.

In a certain village of Bohemia, lived a peasant woman called Kattie. She possessed a little hut of her own, a garden, and a small income; but had she rolled in wealth, not a lad would have ventured to say,—"Kattie, will you be mine?" for she was snappish as a cat of the woods, and owned a tongue which worked like a flail. She had an old mother, providentially as deaf as a log, and her she scolded from morning till night, so that her voice was audible half a mile off. If any neighbor entered her cottage, she spat and set up her back, and hissed, so that the intruder was only too glad to escape without a scratched face. When any one passed her door, Kattie flung him a spiteful word; and was only too glad if the passer stopped to retaliate, for if he had an ugly expression to cast at her, she had a dozen to pelt him with in return.

By the time that she had reached the age of forty, without having found a lover, all the—milk of human kindness she never had, which might acidulate—but all the vinegar of her nature had become concentrated sulphuric acid, ready to blacken and burn anything with which it came in contact.

It is the custom in Bohemia for young people to resort to the tavern on Sunday afternoon, for a dance. As soon as the fiddle or bagpipe is heard, the lads run into the streets, the girls appear at the cottage doors, and the children peep out of the windows. Young men and women then follow the musicians to the inn, and the dance begins.

Kattie was always the first to follow the fiddler, and to appear in the public-house; there she saw the lads whirling about with the lasses, but never in all her life had she been invited by any one to dance; Sunday after Sunday she tried her luck, and hoped against hope, no man solicited her hand as a partner. "Well!" said she impetuously one Sunday; "here am I getting an old woman, and I have never danced yet! never saw anything like the lads here! Such a set of clowns! This is provoking. I'd dance with any one, with the old Deil himself, if he were to ask me!" and she snapped her fingers, and stamped on the ground.

She bustled into the inn, sat down, and looked about her at the whirling, merry figures. Suddenly a gentleman in huntsman's suit came into the room, seated himself at the table, called for beer, and had a tumbler filled. Running his eye over the assembly, it rested on Kattie. He sprang to his feet, walked across the room, and with the most graceful bow, and with the most courteous air, offered her the glass.

Kattie, delighted at the attention, drank the beer with avidity, and made room for the gentleman to seat himself at her side. After a few words had passed between them, the stranger flung some silver to the fiddler, and asked for a "solo." The dancers deserted the centre of the room, cleared the area, and the gentleman led Kattie forth to dance.

"Bless us all! it will rain to-morrow!" exclaimed the old people, opening their eyes wide with astonishment.

The lads bit their fingers, and the girls hid their faces, to conceal their laughter. But Kattie saw no one; she was radiant with joy, now that she had a chance of dancing; and danced she would have, in spite of the whole world laughing.

All that afternoon, and all that evening, the strange gentleman danced with Kattie, and with her alone. He bought her gingerbread, almond-rock, and lemon-drops, and she ate and sucked to her heart's content.

As soon as the dancing came to an end, the stranger escorted her home.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Kattie; "would that I might dance with you for ever!"

"That is quite within the range of possibility," replied the stranger.

"Where do you live, sir?"

"Put your arms round my neck, and I will whisper to you." Kattie did so, and, presto! the stranger had become a fiend, and was flying with her to his home, a place which need not be specified. In he came at the door, bathed in a profuse perspiration; for his necklace was a heavy one.

"Now then, Kattie, let go," said he.

"Oh, never! never!"

"Come, there's a dear soul, take your arms off."

"Dearest, never!"

"Why whom have you got here?" asked the master of the spirit, in a voice of thunder which had in it a faint thrill of dismay.

"K-K-K-attie," panted the unfortunate devil, struggling to shake his fair load off.

"Kattie!" echoed his majesty, leaping off his throne, casting aside his bifurcated sceptre, and turning,—not exactly pale, but Oxford mixture; "Kattie! here's an end to our quiet life, if *that* woman becomes an inmate of Pandemonium. She'll bring the place down about our ears. Away with you, Moloch, and do not show your face in here till you have shaken off your dreadful encumbrance."

So there was nothing for it, but that the quondam Jäger, should return to earth, and free himself from the embrace of Kattie, as best he might.

He flew back wearily and despondingly, with a decided crick in his neck. On reaching earth, he seated himself on a flowery bank, and putting on a solemn expression, said in a hollow voice—

"Kattie, if you do not let go, I shall plunge you in molten brimstone!"

"Oh!" replied she, with *empressement*, "I fear no pain so long as I am with you," and she laid her head on his breast.

"Ahem!" Moloch looked vacantly at the landscape. "Kattie!" he resumed, as a brilliant idea entered his head, and illumined his countenance with a momentary gleam of ghastly joy: "Kattie, I am so rich; I will give you a mountain of solid gold, if you will only let go."

"What! leave you for filthy lucre? Never, never, never!" and she buried her head in his breast.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the spirit; "what is to be done now?"

He rose, and wandered despairingly over a desolate moor, which lay stretched before him.

Presently, staggering under his load, he came upon a young shepherd, in a sheepskin with all its wool upon it. The evil spirit resumed his former human form, and the shepherd was consequently quite ignorant of who he was.

"Why, my good sir, whom are you carrying?" asked the shepherd in perplexity.

"Ah, good friend, I scarcely know! why look you: I was walking peacefully along my way, without thinking of anything in particular, when, with a hop, skip and jump, this woman fastened herself to my neck, and will on no account let me go. I want to carry her to the next village, and there obtain my liberation; but I am scarcely in a fit condition to do so, my knees are shivering under me."

"Come now," said the compassionate peasant, "I will help you; but I cannot carry her for long, as I have my sheep to attend to: half the way—will that suit you?"

"Ah! I shall be thankful!"

"Now then you! hang yourself to me!" cried the shepherd, addressing Kattie.

The woman looked around, observed that the shepherd was infinitely preferable to Moloch; he was good-looking and young. She let go her hold on the Deil, and click,—she was fast as a spring collar round the shepherd's neck.

The man had now quite enough to carry, what with Kattie, and what with his immense sheepskin dress; and in a very short while he was tired, and strove to disengage himself from his encumbrance. In vain! Kattie would not listen to his remonstrances, and the more he struggled, the tighter she clung.

Presently he came near a pool. Oh! if he could but cast her in! But how? Could he manage to slip out of his sheepskin? No harm trying—but it must be done v-e-r-y cautiously—v-e-r-y gently. Hist! he has slipped one arm out, and Kattie is none the wiser. Hist! he has slipped the other arm out, and Kattie has not observed it. Now then! he slides his hand stealthily up his breast, and unbuttons the collar. He has undone one button, two, three—a bob of the head, a splash, and Kattie and the sheepskin are in the pond. She sinks—she rises;—and her expiring eyes rest upon the shepherd and the evil spirit dancing in an ecstacy of delight on the bank.

"My best of friends!" exclaimed Moloch, enthusiastically, "you have laid me under a lasting obligation; you have imposed upon me a debt of gratitude which I never can adequately discharge. But for you, I might have had Kattie hanging round my neck through eternity; I might never have been able to shake that woman off; and never," continued the spirit musingly, "never is a very long word! Now look you here, shepherd. I am—" in fewer words than I could express it, the spirit had described his nature to the young man;—"Well, and being what I am, it lies in my power to repay you, in my poor way, for what you have done. I will forthwith proceed to the next town, and will enter into, and possess the Chancellor. As soon as all doctors and exorcists have failed to free the Chancellor from me, do you go to the town and offer, for the recompense of two bags of dollars, to liberate the Chancellor from the evil spirit which torments him. Then come up to the bedside, say, 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly away out of the window, and enter into, and possess, the Prime Minister. When all other means of cure have failed, do you volunteer, at the price of two sacks of gold pieces, to free the Prime Minister. Come to him, say as before, 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly from him through the window, and possess the King. And now, I warn you, beware how you venture to attempt to expel me from the body of the King. Should you, notwithstanding this caution, risk the attempt, I shall infallibly tear you in pieces, limb from limb."

The shepherd expressed his acknowledgment in the best and most appropriate terms of which he was master.

"Ta, ta!" said the Deil, as he spread his wings and flew away.

"Ta, ta!" replied the shepherd, gravely, looking after him.

Shortly after this, a rumor spread through the country, that the Chancellor was not quite—to put it mildly—what he should be. It was whispered aside that the Chancellor had been playing pretty pranks, and that it was asserted by professors of medicine and of theology, that he was possessed by a bad spirit. All medicines allopathic and homœopathic, having failed to cure the Chancellor, the clergy took him in hand and tried the last approved forms of exorcism, but the Chancellor, or rather the Chancellor's tenant, was proof against all ecclesiastical demonstrations.

The young shepherd now came to the town, and loudly proclaimed his power to cure any one of diabolical possession. All other resources having failed, the King determined to give the shepherd a try, and so ordered him to visit, and prescribe for the Chancellor. As soon as the peasant entered the room, he saw that the condition of the highest law officer of the crown was critical. He was kicking his attendant, abusing them in language hardly consistent with the dignity of his position, and foaming at the mouth.

The shepherd demanded as his fee for curing him, two sacks of dollars, and they were readily promised. He now approached the unhappy man, whose convulsions became more terrible as he drew near.

"Hocus pocus!" said the shepherd *ore rotundo* and with a solemn face, at the same time making various fanciful signs in the air with his hands. Away flew the spirit, shivering the panes of glass in the window into countless fragments on his way. The shepherd received his fee, and returned to his cottage.

But it was soon noised abroad that something had gone wrong with the Prime Minister, and it was surmised that the demon which had been expelled from the Chancellor, had entered into the keeper of the King's conscience,—awkward, decidedly. What was to be done? Regular practitioners were applied to first, as a matter of course. The allopaths capped the Minister's constitution with violent medicines, without expelling the evil spirit. The homœopaths did nothing at all; and the dirigent sent the devil to sleep. When all had failed, recourse was had to the quack, and at the price of two sacks of gold pieces the shepherd agreed to perform a cure. The circumstances resembled those in the former case, with one exception, the window was prudentially opened, and a glazier's bill saved. But now the evil spirit struck at higher game, and he took full and undisturbed possession of the monarch.

As might be expected, people were not one ha'porth the wiser for experience, and the usual allopathic, homœopathic, and ecclesiastical systems were tasked to remove the King, and proved, as every one knew would be the case, a failure. Then they sent for the shepherd, but he refused to come. They sent again and offered a room full of gold dust, but he persisted in his refusal, remembering the devil's warning. The Prime Minister now ordered out a regiment of horse, and had the shepherd-exorcist brought will-he nill-he. In vain did the poor man protest his inability to cure the King; the Prime Minister insisted, and the Chancellor threatened to put the law in force, which required that the bird which could sing and wouldn't sing, should be made to sing. Cowed by this threat the shepherd determined to do his best.

He entered the regal apartment. The King was howling and frothing at the mouth; and looked desperate.

"Halloo!" roared the spirit within; "you here, shepherd? did not I warn you not to attempt to cast me out of his Majesty?"

"Steady," said the shepherd, putting on an expression of awe; and, stealing on tip-toe across the room, with his hand to his mouth, he whispered—"Do you think me such a fool as to attempt anything of the kind? I'm only come to tell you, dear friend, that—that—that—

KATTIE IS OUT OF THE POND, AND IS INQUIRING AFTER YOU!"

"Kattie!" gasped the devil; "then I'm off!" and away he flew.

S. B. G.

Eastern Peris.

Miss Lott, who was governess to the son of the Viceroy of Egypt, does not give in her recent work, a very favorable opinion of Eastern ladies. The notion which one gets out of Moore's poems about the Peris of the Harem seems to be absurdly hyperbolical. Most of the Peris had faces pale as ashes, and exceedingly disagreeable, in Miss Lott's opinion; and their figures were fat and gluttonous. They were constantly "whooping and hallooing out most indecent language," not being aware, as the authoress most justly observes, that

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.

Their conversation "invariably touched upon things which in Europe are regarded as criminal, abominably indecent, filthy, and disgusting." Their dresses in an ordinary way were of muslin, dirty, filthy, and crumpled, "just as one might imagine the greatest slatterns in the back slums of St. Giles's would be seen walking about in when all their finery had been pledged." It is only when a visit from the Viceroy has been announced that they take any trouble about personal adornment, and then they only throw robes of gorgeous silk, glittering with diamonds, over their frowsy muslins. They appear not to wash the arms and neck, but only to rub a well-soaped rag over their faces and hands. They only comb their hair once a week, on the eve of their Sabbath; but on this occasion—festival it may almost be called—"it is well combed with a large small-tooth comb, and the members of the vermin family which were removed from it were legion." The authoress, it may be noticed, has a singularly graceful way of referring to the vermin family. When at the old Palace in Constantinople, she suddenly found that her bedfellow was "completely covered with a family of the Browns, who rejoice in the patronymic of bug." This is a really charming paraphrase, so simple and so thoroughly elegant. A fastidious person might object to so much talk about so unsavory a topic.

☞ At one of the Paris theatres the spectator is shown the mode of dressing from the Creation to the present day, and living models walk out of a huge book of fashions to illustrate the different periods.

THE OLD FRIEND STILL.

As Time speeds on with relentless wing,
He is bringing a change to all.
The daisies peep from the lap of spring,
And the oak leaves fade and fall.
The new grows old, and the old departs,
And the years their cycles fill—
The friend that's new may be kind and true,
But give me the old friend still.

The friend that I loved when the Spring was born,
That was true when the Summer died,
That was still unchanged through the ebb and flow
Of my life's unstable tide.
The flower that blooms in the sun's warm ray
May fade when the night is chill—
The friend that's new may be kind and true,
But give me the old friend still.

Ah, give me the clasp of the same warm hand
That I felt in the days of yore,
And give me the heart that time has proved
Is true to its inmost core.
For Time speeds on, and the friends are few
That the void in the heart can fill—
The friend that's new may be kind and true,
But give me the old friend still.

A PERPLEXED OFFICIAL.

BY GEORGE B. GRIFFITH.

In the "good old times," as our ancient friends are wont to remark, when railroads were unknown, and stage-coaches universally patronized and believed to be the best vehicles of transportation that could ever be invented for the convenience of travellers, a certain well-known executive started from the heat of government in the Granite state, to visit another person enjoying an equally exalted station at the "hub." Wishing to present his friend with some gift worthy of his acceptance, he had, the day before, deputed his amiable spouse, in his absence to a neighboring town, to obtain of her father, a rare old angler, the finest salmon that could be procured. It was with no little pride that he contemplated the joy and warm thanks the gratified recipient of this present would manifest, as he received the fish, carefully wrapped in napkins, from the hands of his wife.

At noon the stage stopped an hour for dinner and rest at a small inn, the proprietor of which was formerly an intimate schoolmate of our honorable traveller. Among other subjects discussed at the table, as the old acquaintances sat together, the governor chanced to mention the valuable present he was bearing to his Boston friend. The landlord, who was much of a wag, by the way, desired to see the fish, and being informed that it had been left in the bar-keeper's charge, managed, just as the stage was starting off, to substitute in place of the salmon, unknown to any one, a fine fresh haddock.

In due time the honorable gentleman from New Hampshire arrived at the capital of the old Bay State, and was announced at once to the ruling dignitary. After the business that occasioned the trip had been discussed, and wine ordered, with marked impressiveness the traveller presented the carefully folded up representative of the finny tribe to his official friend, with the remark:—

"There, sir, is a specimen of what our state can furnish of *salmon!*"

Opening the package, to the surprise of the recipient, he beheld, instead of what he had fondly expected to see, nothing else than the landlord's innocent haddock.

"Why, my dear sir," said he, "this is not a salmon, but an uncommonly nice haddock."

The New Hampshire gentleman was aghast with dismay; he could not, for a moment, suppose his wife would perpetrate such a bold sell upon him, so he knew not what to think.

He apologized for the mistake as well as possible, and bowed himself out of the office, fish in hand, and took the homeward route, with the unlucky gift still in his possession.

When he arrived at the hotel where the exchange had been effected, he unburdened his misfortune to the secretly chuckling landlord, and vowed his determination to carry the fish home, and endeavor to unravel the mystery. As the stage was again upon the point of bearing him away, his old acquaintance succeeded in replacing the salmon in its original package, and obtained his own property.

The excitement of the deluded man was at fever heat when dropped at his own door, and it was in rather an irascible mood that he addressed his "better-half," who was very solicitous regarding his health after so fatiguing a jaunt, and full of queries concerning his adventures. Unable to control his displeasure when she inquired if the Governor of Massachusetts was pleased with the nice present he had taken to him, he exclaimed:

"*That salmon was nothing but a blasted old haddock!*"

It was now her turn to be surprised; and learning he had brought it back, she sought the kitchen, and soon returned radiant with triumph, and thrusting the fish directly under his eyes, said, "Dare you say that this is not as choice a salmon as ever swam?"

Hardly trusting his vision, and thoroughly aroused, perplexed and mystified, he burst out with the voice of a Titan, "Confound a fish that will be a salmon in *New Hampshire, and a haddock in Massachusetts!*"

"MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING."

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"What are you good for, my brave little man?
Answer that question for me, if you can,—
You, with your fingers as white as a nun,
You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.
All the day long with your busy contriving,
Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
See if your wise little noddle can tell
What you are good for,—now ponder it well."

Over the carpet, the dear little feet,
Came with a patter to climb on my seat;
Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
Under their lashes looked up unto me;
Two little hands, pounding soft on my face,
Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,—
"Good to love you, mamma; good to love you."

☞ A delicate young lady, whom pa has "struck oil," has discarded the opposite phrase "putting on airs," and substituted the refined improvement, "airing your persons in atmospheric apparel."

All Out of Doors.

A Mystery of San Francisco.

BY "DOGBERRY," THE DEPRESSED NOVELIST OF THE GOLDEN ERA.

INTRODUCTION.

Our attention has been arrested by the great use made of doors in modern novels. Our present work will be all doors, and will let everything out ever yet published.

CHAPTER FIRST.

The stovepipe, projecting from the window of the house opposite, leaned to the North, as usual, and the smoke issuing therefrom gave the only sign of the occupancy of the dwelling.

Jacques leaned from the front door of the mansion, looked out in the street, walked a little to the right, then a little to the left, turned round, stood on his head, danced a little, and then returned to the house by the back door. He approached the door of an interior apartment, when a side door to the left of him suddenly opened, and a richly attired woman suddenly made her appearance.

"What wouldst thou here?" she said.

Jacques knew her. It was the same woman he had seen disappear in the door of the mysterious mansion in Kearny street, five months before, and about five minutes before he had been kicked out of the back door of a house in Montgomery street.

"I—I came to get this week's washing," said Jacques, in a weak, irresolute voice.

"You lie, you're after the spoons," replied the richly-attired female, drawing a revolver from the folds of her crinoline.

Jacques started to run. She banged away at him, first with one barrel, then another, without doing him any injury.

Jacques tried eight doors in the long corridor, but they were, alas, all, all locked. The infuriated female whanged away at him with another barrel, but the shot went wide of its mark, and pierced the door at the end of the hall, making the customary hole which most bullets do, wherever they go through a door. A loud scream issued from within and then all was silent.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Jacques found another door. Fortunately it was unlocked. A loud knocking was heard at the front door of the mansion, and then the tramping of many feet on the stairs, and the opening and shutting of many doors below, gave intimation that the disturbance had been heard from the street.

Jacques found himself in an apartment with only three doors, which was a very limited number for the mansion in which this scene was taking place.

One of these doors bore a remarkable resemblance to a door which Jacques had before seen in the Station House.

He shuddered.

He burst it open. A white face appeared. The face terrified him. He rushed to the window. From that high elevation he saw the doors of the houses opposite crowded with people. He rushed again to the other door. Then he tried the back door. Somebody knocked at the front door. Two doors to the left was an open window, which naturally looked out of doors. He heard the sanguinary female howling in no end of doors, in search of him, in the rear, while the police were smashing all the doors in the lower apartments.

CHAPTER THIRD.

Suddenly a door to the left of him mysteriously opened.

A black face appeared.

The now thoroughly terrified Jacques rushed toward the sable visage. He beckoned him onward, through door after door, some opening inward, some opening outward.

Passing by one, he caught a glimpse of another elegantly attired female, who slammed away at him with an old fashioned regulation musket.

"Did you knock," said she, in a mild, silvery voice.

"Did you shoot?" said the somewhat startled Jacques.

"I did. You must have a very fine ear," said the silvery voice.

"I heard you playing, and thinking I might be denied admission, I pushed the door open," said the now enamored Jacques.

"Which door?" said she.

"The seventh one to the left, as near as I can recollect," said the bewildered Jacques.

As this apartment had ten doors, it was but natural that Jacques should be somewhat puzzled as to the means of ingress.

"That is my bed-room door," said the elegant female, sternly.

She made a motion, as if to draw the trigger of her other barrel, and Jacques wildly leaped for another door, flew through a panel and found himself at the open front door.

At the same moment, the police, in a body, flew through the back door; the two heroic females burst through two opposite doors and flew into each other's arms; all the other doors went to with a slam, and there was a general opening and shutting of doors all through the neighborhood.

The first case of trichinosis which has been known in this country appeared in Detroit, Mich., last week. The disease has committed great ravages in Germany and other parts of Europe, and is caused by eating diseased pork. The victim in this case was a young German lady, on whose body a *post mortem* examination was held, when the microscope revealed large numbers of these little worms imbedded in the fibres of the muscles. The young lady died in great pain. The doctor who attended her states that neither smoking nor frying will destroy them, and it takes long and hard boiling to effect it, and they are found in all kinds of hog flesh.

A TREATISE ON SCURVY.—The liquid of the blood is colorless, and its red appearance is due to the presence of innumerable little bodies floating in it, which are so small that three millions of them are contained in a drop which may be suspended on the point of a needle. These corpuscles are then filled with a compound substance, and it has been ascertained what both the film of the vessel and its contents are composed of. Each one of these little bodies has its own life. They are formed and grow, and die; and it is calculated that nearly twenty millions perish at every pulsation of the heart.

Washington Letter.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ESSEX.

Now that Lent has fairly flung its black pall over the city, and the gayeties are at an end, we can look back at the closing scenes with some calmness and take a view of the last brilliant assemblies that marked the carnival.

The most magnificent ball of the season, was that given by the Marquis de Montholon, on the Friday before Lent. Fifteen hundred invitations were issued, and it was whispered that the grand affair was a political move, and especially ordered by the Emperor, as a national compliment. It certainly chimed most harmoniously with the conciliatory address of the French sovereign, which appeared the next morning, before those who partook of the hospitalities of his minister, had time to forget the ample supper and the gay dance.

Since the commencement of the war the French Legation has occupied the house of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the wealthy banker. It is by far the finest residence in Washington, and one of the handsomest in the country. It seems when hostilities began, Mr. Corcoran, whose Southern sympathies were well known, was in terror lest his house and furniture should be confiscated, and therefore offered them to Montholon at a merely nominal rent. The Marquis accepted the offer, and at once accepted the handsome quarters, and placed the whole establishment under the protection of the French flag.

The house is brick, finished with brown-stone, it stands on Lafayette Square, the grounds running back to K street. It is irregular in shape, entered by a *Porte cochère*, and has a long picture gallery running out from it on one side.

On the night of the ball, we were received at the brilliantly lighted doorway, by two sable footmen in blue and scarlet livery, who pointed the way to the different cloak-rooms.

That set apart for the ladies consisted of a spacious bed-chamber and dressing-room, elegantly furnished and crowded for many hours with a stream of beautiful and elegantly dressed ladies.

Down stairs, there was a suite of six splendid parlors, furnished with every magnificence, curtained with rich satin and exquisite lace, the walls frescoed and gilded, and lit with gas and innumerable wax candles, till it looked like a fairy palace.

The picture gallery, which contains one of the finest collections in this country, was arranged as a ball-room. At the upper end a deep niche was draped with the flags of France and the United States, and there, half enshrined among flowers, stood Powers's Greek Slave. But few of the revellers paused to admire her marble beauty, for in front of her was stationed the band, and all the evening long the flying feet of the dancers kept time to the merry strains.

The Marquis de Montholon is a tall, fine-looking man, with gray hair and beard, his coat was covered with decorations, and he wore a broad scarlet ribbon and splendid diamond star around his neck.

La Marquise is a slender lady, with dark hair and eyes. Her dress was tarletan, embroidered with gold, and trimmed with crimson velvet and black lace. Her hair was dressed with leaves of crimson and gold, and around her neck she wore a flashing diamond necklace.

The toilettes of the occasion were magnificent. In every direction one saw the sparkle of splendid jewelry and the flow of costly lace. Besides many wore simple dresses which were attractive from their freshness and perfect taste.

The Baroness Stoeckel wore white satin, trimmed with crimson, and diamond ornaments.

Madam Podesta, formerly Miss Ella Chapman, of your city, was one of the handsomest women present. Her dress was white satin, covered with tulle, and trimmed with broad bars of blue satin.

Mrs. Williams, the bride, appeared for a short time, and looked very well, in a heavy white silk. I saw her waltzing with her husband, and thought them one of the handsomest couples present.

But it would be hopeless to attempt to describe, to give all the beautiful dresses, or distinguished people. All those of whom I have told you in other letters were present, and many others too numerous to mention, since few of those honored with an invitation cared to stay away.

The supper was set in the large dining-room, and was most ample and admirably arranged. Early in the evening there were ices, sherbet, fruit, &c.; then, as the night progressed, the edibles grew more substantial; salad, *pate de foie gras*, terrapin, boned turkey, oysters, game, and so on, till at seven o'clock in the morning there was a hearty breakfast for those who remained. With all these good things, wine flowed in abundance; sherry, hock, champagne and burgundy all night long were to be had in unending streams.

Dancing was kept up all the evening with the greatest spirit. At about four o'clock "the German" began, and the ball was not fairly over till seven. Stella walked home in broad daylight, and the ball dress and her companion's full uniform and gorgeous feathers created considerable excitement in the course of the two squares they had to traverse.

On leaving, each lady was presented with a bouquet, and thus closed the most brilliant ball of the season.

A few rather tired individuals appeared the next afternoon at Mrs. Sprague's *matinee*, which was very pleasant, but I do not think the fashionable world had really recovered until Monday.

Then, of course, we all went to hear the eulogy on Mr. Lincoln. By going early, I secured an excellent position, a front seat in the gallery, where I watched the distinguished people come in, and congratulated myself that I was nobody, so that I could chat with my friends, as the Cabinet, Supreme Court and the President had to sit in solemn silence through the performance, some of which were very stupid.

Mr. Bancroft's essay has been much commented on, and were I to give you all the opinions regarding it, you would surely consider me in an unamiable frame of mind. The most interesting portion of it was the denunciations of foreign nations. It is said that the orator sent to each one of the different Legations a copy of his speech on the morning of that day so that any of them who chose might remain away. Certainly the Marquis de Montholon was not there, though Sir Frederick Bruce appeared on the floor, and sat it through with admirable good nature.

Some of the receptions for Monday evening were given up in honor of the day, though it certainly seemed to me, as it was a birth-day service, it ought not have been considered an occasion of lamentation. Gen. Grant recalled the invitations for a *dancing* reception, but was at home informally, and Senator Sherman had a very gay party.

On Tuesday there was a brilliant matinée at the handsome residence of Mr. Charles Napp, and in the evening a very crowded levee at the White House, and a brilliant *soirée* at the British Legation. The next morning, Ash Wednesday lowered sour and gloomily over the city, and the gayeties were at an end.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

Splendid Array of Contributors,

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

The old favorite of the reading public, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has passed into the hands of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c., has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett began a continued story in the first number of the New Year, called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A Tale of The Backwoods.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
Author of "This, That, and the Other."
STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,
Author of "Eve Isle," &c.
Mrs. HENRY WOOD,
Author of "East Lynne," &c.
Mrs. A. D. F. WHITNEY,
Author of "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," &c.
ELEANOR C. DONNELLY,
Author of "Gabriel Wilkie's Return," &c.
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Author of "Ora," &c.
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Mrs. ELIZA SPROAT TURNER,
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Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER,
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Miss H. S. COREY,
LUCERN ELLIOTT,
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BARBARA JOHNS,
BELLE ST. AUBYN,
Miss A. FORRESTIER,
EDWIN R. MARTIN,
SARA J. RUMSEY,
T. J. CHAMBERS, &c., &c., &c.

All of the Departments of the paper will be filled—as far as possible—with

ORIGINAL MATTER.

The old friends of THE POST—some of whom have stood by it during the sunshine and storms of Forty years—will thus see that we are determined to be

UNSURPASSED BY ANY COMPETITOR;

and in view of these great and costly efforts and brilliant inducements, we trust to have their warm exertions in our behalf, and the LIBERAL SUPPORT OF A GENEROUS PUBLIC.

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We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies and the Sewing Machine, $60.00
2. Thirty copies and the Sewing Machine, $75.00

[For particulars, see under editorial head on second page.]

TERMS.—Our terms are the same as those for that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, when it is so desired—and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $6; Eight copies (and one gratis), $12; Twenty (and one gratis) $28. One copy each of THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, $4.

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THE LOVE-LIFE OF CINTHY ANN.

Being a True Story of Young Affection Nipped in the Bud.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ZIG.

VIII.

PREFACE.

The following veracious history has been penned for my dear POST, with no ambition to rival the clever chronicler of Aunty Scranton's misfortunes. Not at all. It was only done by way of adding another illustration to the old saw that truth is stranger than fiction, for my story is true in every particular. Only done to show that if romance writers were to weave into the threads of their story half the absurdities, half the hallucinations and ridiculous occurrences of real life, they would be set down for *crazy*. It was for only this, and nothing more, that the hereinafter related narrative of a deluded female woman was written.

CHAPTER I.

"When this old hat was new."

"When I was in Noo Yawk," began my heroine, in her most fascinating manner, setting her head a little to the left side, and putting on her infantine simper, which made you think of the expression of a two weeks' old baby;

"When I was in Noo Yawk I received a great deal of flattering attention from the male sex. There was Lawyer Perkins, a perfect gentleman, wealthy, of an affectionate disposition and good moral character, who, they said, was in raptures for a week if I so much as smiled at him. He used to visit my school, and take so much interest, interest, you know, in me. He told Mrs. Green that I swayed my scholars by love alone, and that I had the *sweetest* disposition. He embarrassed me frightfully with his 'tentions."

"Why didn't you marry him, then?"

"Oh! I couldn't conscientiously encourage his attentions. He wasn't a professor, you know, and I couldn't risk my earthly happiness with him. (A sweetish look at Rev. P. D.) I wasn't a professor myself then, but I was under conviction all the time Lawyer Perkins was paying me attentions, 'tentions, you know. He had the jaundice *dreadfully* that winter, and they said it was nothing else under the sun than because he despaired of winning my affections. That was eight years ago, and I was very, *very* young, too young to love in fact. (To Mrs. Allen.) When I was in Noo Yawk I always attended the most fashionable houses of worship, but with all their splendor, my spiritual nature never experienced such a feeling of rest, rest, you know, as in our own little church. You should hear Mr. Dipem. His preaching is just what a lonely heart, surrounded by ungodly influences at home, needs. He makes it all so clear, *so* simple. And he pours upon our Sabbath ears the most *beautiful* prayer. It is soul entrancing."

And Cinthy Ann smiled the saintly smile of a dying kitten as she went on:

"I've heard young ladies boast how many offers they had. Now I never would encourage expectations which could not be realized, and I would nip such things in the bud, nip them in the bud, you know, for I never would allow myself to trifle with a gentleman's hopes. Old Dr. Green often noticed it, and he said that if he hadn't had a wife, he knew a certain soft-hearted Featherby, whose own fault it would be if she were not Mrs. Green. So much admiration as I had, and so many 'tentions from gentlemen—it was enough to turn my poor little head."

But it wouldn't have turned her poor little nose!

"When I was in Noo Yawk, I went to balls and parties constantly, but amid the gayest festivest scenes there was always an aching void, attentions could not fill. And at last, here in Bugbyville, with not a sympathizing breast that I can pour out my trouble upon, with all the uncongeniality of my almost infidel family, I am far happier than I was there, for I have found out what can fill the void. (An unutterable glance in the direction of Rev. P. D.) And none of all their 'tentions ever penetrated my heart in the least, and my young affections are still as pure and untried as a maiden's of fifteen."

CHAPTER II.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen."

Finally it became manifest unto the eyes of men that the young affections of the artless Cinthy Ann were leaning to the nearest and loveliest thing they could twine with themself and make closely their own. This near and lovely "thing" was Rev. Peter Dipem. I will not assert that this harmless divine was my heroine's beau ideal, for of that point I know nothing, but I testify the things which I have seen, when I state that he was, beyond all dispute, her ideal beau.

It fell out, once upon a time, that Rev. P. D., by special request of the innocent virgin above-mentioned, spent an evening in the bosom of the Featherby family. Cinthy Ann surpassed herself in the matter of being agreeable. She accompanied her cracked voice with her cracked harpsichord to the two tunes of Coronation and No One to Love. Rev. P. D. kindly assisting Coronation with a slim bass. When he took his leave, the fair musician pressed his hand affectionately, and hoped he'd spent a pleasant evening. The next day she proclaimed confidently to the outside barbarians of her family that she was engaged to Rev. Mr. Dipem. The day after, the same to one dozen others.

"But when are you to be married?"

"Oh! I don't know. The congregation seem to know all about it, more than I do. I know Mr. Dipem has told Brother Wilkins, for he gave me a new seat in church to-day, just the one for a minister's wife's pew, and spoke to me so kindly, kindly, you know, and Sister Wilkins asked me home with her to dinner. Don't you think this ribbon on my bonnet is too gay for a minister's wife?"

"But have the congregation told you when the happy day will be?"

"No; but they know all about it, and treat me as if I knew all about it too. I had the hardest work, the hardest work, you know, to get my own consent to marry Mr. Dipem. So many gentlemen as have paid 'tentions to me, too."

A few days after, says Cinthy Ann:

"Mrs. Allen, have you the least bit of ale or wine you could let me have? Just a drop, you know. I've been visiting the poor of our church this afternoon, and I'm so fatigued I need a little stimulant. Such times as I shall have by and by. A minister's wife has so much responsibility."

"When are you to be married, Miss Featherby?"

"Oh! I don't know. Mr. Dipem hasn't fixed any day yet; in fact, he——he never said in so many words that we were to be married, but the congregation all know about it. There's a knot-hole in our pulpit, just large enough for one to look through, and last Sabbath, before church, as I sat in the minister's pew, I happened to look up, and there was an eye, AN EYE, you know, fixed on me right through that knot-hole. And it looked at me so sweet, with such an *expression*, that I couldn't set my mind to the sermon at all. For every time I looked toward the pulpit, I would think of that eye. O my! And I know that Mr. Dipem meant me in his sermon to-day, for he looked right at me when he spoke about fixing our affections upon heavenly things. The congregation noticed it, too, for they turned and stared at me. I was terribly embarrassed. And then in the Bible class he looks at me the whole time. At first I wouldn't pretend to see it, for I didn't think it was proper in Sabbath school, but he looked at me so much, and paid me so much 'tention in the Sabbath-school class, that at last I answered his glance, answered it, you know, and he seemed so *pleased*. I'm sure I've had evidence enough."

"Mrs. Allen, will you give me just a weenty, teenty drop of that wine again? I've been working awful hard to-day, and I need a little stimulant. Besides, I want to read you a copy of this note I gave Rev. Mr. Dipem at breakfast. But don't tell our folks about it. I wouldn't have mother and Moses know it for the world. They are so queer, so queer, you know."

Here followeth Cinthy Ann's note:

"Rev. Peter Dipem, Pastor Church of the Reformed Disciples: Dear Friend—Looks are at best but a poor medium of communication, and apt to be misunderstood by us all. I am rendered unhappy and miserable, because words which should have been spoken have not been spoken. I shall be at home this afternoon from the hours of three to five. Yours, truly,

C. ANNA F."

"Did you give that to Mr. Dipem?"

"Certainly I did. Because I won't stand it, won't stand it to be looked at in this way any longer."

"Did he come?"

"Well, n——o, he didn't come exactly. I told ma that I should expect her to sit in the kitchen this afternoon, as I looked for company. I waited all the afternoon, but when Mr. Dipem came in to tea he said he'd been out all day nearly. I have reason to believe he would have come, only he thought ma would be sure to be there."

The winter passed away, and the lovely and smiling month of May (poetical language) visited the earth once more. The beautiful and accomplished Cinthy Ann was yet unwedded, though still the recipient of "attentions," she said. Meantime the Reformed Disciples had a pic-nic, where the brethren and sisters solemnly ate dried apple pie and lard doughnuts, after which the old brethren discussed "crape," and the old sisters births, deaths, marriages, while the young ones played Copenhagen; Rev. P. D. hovering, like unto an uncertain sheep which hath gone astray, upon the outskirts of all three. Did you ever notice how unspeakably awkward, how like a cat in a strange garret, an unmarried country minister appears at a pic-nic? Rev. P. D. was fully as awkward and uneasy as strict orthodoxy required. At last he espied Cinthy Ann, who, leaning against the root of an old tree, with a volume of Tupper's poetical works in her hand, made a model fit for the chisel of a tombstone cutter. Her pensive attitude called forth the minister's sympathy. Her fair and lovely countenance was overspread by a shade of green and yellow melancholy, which ever and anon took the form of little spirts of green and yellow fire, darting malignantly out of Cinthy Ann's blonde orbs, as the object of her affections came nigh.

Cinthy Ann had resolved on a crisis.

"Mr. Dipem," said she, "I would like you to be showing me a little more attention."

"Really, Miss Featherby, I—I thought I was as attentive to you as to the other ladies."

"Well," says she, "I want you to pay me more attention than the other ladies, if you are engaged to me."

"Engaged to you!"

Reverend P. D. was surprised. In point of fact, he was "struck all of a heap." Each particular feeble whisker stood out away from its fellow. Had he been less amazed, he would have been more scared, so scared that he would have surrendered unconditionally to this bold strategist. As it was, he faintly articulated:

"But I never meant to marry you. What—could—have—put—that—into—your—head?"

She:

"I'm sure you've been paying attentions to me for six months."

Urged to the minister:

"I never spent but one evening with you in my life, and that was by your own invitation."

Cinthy Ann turned her Roman nose and snapping eyes full upon the trembling Reformed Disciple:

"Mr. Dipem," said she, "*that invitation was given for the express purpose of having you propose.*"

But the Rev. P. D. didn't propose, even then. He gazed upon that Roman nose in speechless amazement. Then he turned and walked away. When next seen he was discussing original sin with old Brother Pendergrass. The day after, he went to board with sister Wilkins, to be known no more forever as one of Mrs. Featherby's boarders.

CHAPTER III.

CONCLUSION.

Cinthy Ann has left the church.

☞ DOMESTIC STOCKING-FRAME.—A small knitting-frame, contrived by a mechanician named Bakenbein, to the Cologne Exhibition, is highly spoken of. With eighty four needles, the machine is said not to weigh more than fourteen or fifteen pounds, and to be adaptable to any work table. It is said to produce from ten thousand to thirty-five thousand points or meshes per hour, and to be worked with great facility. Whether it is a mere modification of the old stocking-frame, or of the circular knitting-machine, or an entirely new arrangement, is not stated.

☞ It is an important fact, that if a meat-pie is made without a hole in the crust, to let out certain emanations from the meat, colic, vomiting, and other symptoms of slight poisoning will occur.

☞ A new use for petroleum has been devised. The invention consists of a simple process of forming the debris of dust or coal-mines and yards, with petroleum, into lumps or blocked masses, which ignite readily without use of soft coals or kindlings, last longer, and give out a more intense heat than ordinary anthracite, and cost about one-half as much.

JULES JARED'S

"EMAIL DE PARIS"

FOR IMPARTING BEAUTY AND FRESHNESS TO THE COMPLEXION, CLEARNESS AND SOFTNESS TO THE SKIN.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

The secret of beautifying the skin being known only to JULES JARED, he honorably states that it differs from all other skin preparations being perfectly innocent, producing the most brilliant complexion, and giving a soft, even texture to the skin, like that of an infant, without presenting the least meretricious appearance. The agents of the "Email" have received many letters concerning its merits, from ladies and gentlemen of high standing in social life, but the restraints of private life forbid their publication. They have, therefore, been constrained to limit these testimonials to the letters of ladies whose names are already before the public for their talents and genius, among whom are M'lle Felicita Vestvali, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller and many other distinguished and high-toned lady artistes in the United States.

PHILADELPHIA, November 30, 1864.

JULES JARED & CO. GENTLEMEN: I have received, and, with entire satisfaction, used the "Email de Paris." Compelled, as I am, to the use of powders as stage requirements, I find that the "Email" produces all the brilliancy of rouge and lily-white, with the great and peculiar advantage of total harmlessness. It really adds to the softness and smoothness of the skin, without conveying the slightest meretricious idea.

I have no hesitation in recommending it to the profession and the public. And so, believe me, with thanks, Yours truly, LUCILLE WESTERN.

L'Email de Paris is no vulgar paste, paint, powder, or ointment, but a most delicious preparation, which, by its healthful and purifying effect, brings forth freshness, color and beauty, giving both the complexion and texture of polished ivory to the skin. Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., below Chestnut, Agent for "L'Email de Paris." Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENE, Importers, Philadelphia. feb 24-2t

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass. jan6-

A FACT WORTH PONDERING ON.—The certificate of the world.—*A Universal Medicine.*—For the investigation of truth or for testing the merits of a fact three things are necessary—universality, *authentic documents*, and *personal observation*; all of which Holloway's Pills and Ointment possess in an eminent degree—they are universal by being advertised in every printed language and used by all nations throughout the world; their authentic documents are the millions of certified cures in all climes and among all peoples; and personal observation of the thousands who daily witness the immediate relief they are giving in coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, wheezing in the chest, and difficult breathing; and the radical cures in neuralgia, tic-doloreux, rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica. Sold by all Druggists.

"THEY CURE!" What cures? AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for a Cough, AYER'S PILLS for a purgative, and AYER'S SARSAPARILLA for the complaints that require an alterative medicine. feb24-2t

Fits! Fits! Fits!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find Hance's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $5; twelve, $24. jan27-eow10t

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN. HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MALES AND FEMALES, who are in want of business. The well-known House of S. M. Ward & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y., wish to establish an AGENCY in every town in the U. S., and in order that the Agent can have a sample to exhibit to their customers, they will send, as a sample, on the receipt of $2 50, a genuine Gold Pen (warranted) with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, together with a Wholesale Circular to Agents, and eleven certificates, or a Sample Certificate for 25 cts.

There is no Agent but what can make easily $5 a day, and often $20. [illegible]

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1.18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

LARGE PROFITS can be made by active men in the Stencil Name Plate business. Complete outfits of tools and stock furnished by M. J. METCALF & SON, 101 Union St., Boston. jan20-

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has again been dull. Sales of [illegible] bbls Northwest extra family at [illegible] ℔ bbl, including superfine at [illegible], extras at [illegible], and fancy from [illegible], according to quality. Rye Flour, sales at [illegible].

GRAIN.—The Wheat market has again declined. Sales [illegible] bus at [illegible] for good and choice red; [illegible] and [illegible] for common and good white. Rye is dull at [illegible]. Corn, sales [illegible] bus yellow at [illegible]. [illegible]

PROVISIONS.—The market continues quiet—small sales of new Mess Pork are making at [illegible] ℔ bbl. Mess Beef ranges at from [illegible] ℔ bbl for country and city packed. Bacon [illegible] scarce, small sales are making at [illegible] ℔ lb. In green meats there is no change to notice. Pickled Hams sell at [illegible] ℔ lb, and salt Shoulders at [illegible] ℔ lb. Dressed Hogs are selling at [illegible]. Lard, sale at [illegible], and kegs at [illegible]. Butter, sales of solid packed at [illegible], and roll at [illegible], including choice lots at [illegible]. Cheese meets with a moderate inquiry at [illegible] for New York. Eggs are quoted at [illegible].

FRUIT.—Green Apples range from [illegible] ℔ bbl; new dried do at [illegible]. Peaches quarters sell at [illegible], and halves at [illegible].

SEEDS.—Cloverseed is [illegible] ℔ lb lower. Sales [illegible] bus at [illegible]. Timothy sells at [illegible], and Flaxseed from [illegible].

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about [illegible] head. The prices realized from [illegible] ℔ lb. [illegible] Cows brought from [illegible] ℔ head. [illegible] sold at from [illegible] ℔ [illegible] lb. Sheep—[illegible] head were disposed of at from [illegible] ℔ lb.

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

Every Volunteer should have a Bottle, in cases of sudden attacks of disease.

Pain Killer, taken internally, should be adulterated with milk and water, and sweetened with sugar, or made into a syrup with molasses. For a cough, a few drops on sugar, eaten, will be more effective than anything else. For Sore Throat gargle the throat with a mixture of Pain Killer and water, and the relief is immediate and cure positive.

It should not be forgotten that the Pain Killer is equally as good to take internally as to use externally. Each bottle is wrapped with full directions for its use. feb24-2t

Itch, Itch, Scratch no More.

"Itch" Cures in from 12 to 48 hours. "Tetter"
"Itch" SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. "Tetter"
"Itch" SWAYNE'S OINTMENT. "Tetter"
"Itch" NEVER FAILS TO CURE "Tetter"

Salt-rheum, Scald-head, all Skin Diseases. Price 50 cents. By mail 60 cents. Prepared by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. dec2-eow

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. D. Washburn, J. FRANK EAGLES, of Newark, N. J., to Miss MARTHA M. MASON, of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN MCGUIRE, of New York, to Miss MARY, daughter of Thos. Finley, Esq., of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. JOSEPH GRAHAM to Miss MARY E. HUSTON, both of this city.

On the 12th of Dec., by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, Mr. WILLIAM H. SMITH to Miss MARY J. BARBER, both of Frankford.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. KELITA WOODHEAD to Miss ANNIE WILKINSON, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. THOMAS W. CAMPBELL to Miss SUSAN D. ELLIOTT, both of this city.

On the 29th of Jan., by the Rev. K. Goddard, D. D., JAMES R. BOOTH to LIDA M. CASSADY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th instant, DANIEL L. MILLER, aged 73 years.

On the 13th instant, ESTHER B. JUSTICE, in her 73d year.

On the 12th instant, JOSEPH H. SMITH, in his 62d year.

On the 12th instant, CAROLINE HELLERMAN, in her 31st year.

On the 13th instant, WILLIAM BECK, in his 56th year.

On the 11th instant, WILLIAM H. ADAMS, in his 57th year.

On the 11th instant, Mrs. SARAH A. CRAMER, in her 65th year.

On the 11th instant, JACOB BENJAMIN, in his 71st year.

On the 10th instant, Col. GABRIEL DEKORPONAY, in his 46th year.

On the 9th instant, ELIZABETH GLASS, in her 66th year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse, rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning grey.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

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HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the distingue appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles, pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

Prepared by W. E. HAGAN, Troy, N. Y.

Address all orders to

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"We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment."

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Every Planter, Teamster and Family should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will, hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade Mark" in two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy of none other.

DEMAS BARNES & CO.,
jan27-eowtm Proprietors, New York.

CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, HEADACHE, Cured in a few hours, without sneezing, by JACKSON'S CATARRH SNUFF. Ladies prefer it, as it is *Mild*, *Pleasant* and *Elegant* to use. Only 35 cents a box. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address

COOPER, WILSON & CO.,
feb3-3teow Fourth and Wharton, Philada.

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☞ From 15 to 40 yards can be woven on it in a day.

No skill is required to weave upon it, beyond the simple turning of an easy crank. A woman or child can operate it.

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EACH LOOM IS WARRANTED

to be and do as represented, and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.

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For descriptive circulars, list of prices, and samples of cloth wove on the Loom, address, with stamp inclosed,

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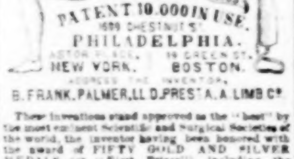

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nov25-3m 1109 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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AMERICAN
BELL COMPANY'S
STEEL COMPOSITION
AND
BRONZE METAL
BELLS.

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PATENT APPLIED FOR JUNE 20, 1865.

AN EXACT and RELIABLE Pocket TIMEKEEPER for Ladies and Gentlemen. Correctly constructed on the most approved SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES, and warranted to DENOTE SOLAR TIME, with absolute certainty and the utmost precision. It never can be wrong. It requires NO KEY or winding up; NEVER RUNS DOWN, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Approved by the Press and ALL WHO HAVE USED THEM. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is secured by ROYAL LETTERS PATENT. Price for a single one, with plain or fancy White Dial, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. Safe delivery guaranteed. All orders must be addressed to J. W. DELAMERE & CO., SOLE PROPRIETORS,
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WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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These Machines are now sold, with valuable improvements, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$44
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	55
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	60

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Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$66
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	73
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
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No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	90
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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It has the highest professional testimonials. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail to all parts of U. S. for 30 cents for one box, or $1 for four boxes. Address, JAS. DURNO, P. O. Box 1235, New York.
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Have been familiarly known to the American Public for upwards of three-quarters of a century. They speak their own praise wherever planted.

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THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY.

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to be the most SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT FOR CANCER that has ever been used by man. The method of treatment is simple. This terrible disease is removed in a solid mass, without the use of the knife, Loss of Blood, Producing of Pain, Caustic Burning, or affecting the sound parts.

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MADE NEW, without Spectacles, Doctors or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. dec9-3m

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CHESTNUT ST.,
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Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. au5-eowly

5000 AGENTS WANTED!

FIFTY CENT SAMPLE SENT FREE, with terms for any one to clear $25 daily, in 3 hours. Business new, light and desirable, can be done at home, travelling, by male or female. Address
W. H. CHIDESTER & CO.,
No. 74 Nassau St., New York.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.—A Druggist said the other day, you have no need to advertise your Porous Plasters, for every one sold certainly causes a dozen to be sold, and a dozen sells a gross, and so on. You will not be able to supply the demand soon. But we can supply a thousand yards a day.

AFFECTION OF THE SPINE CURED.

Hartford, Conn., Nov. 11th, 1861.

Messrs. THOS. ALLCOCK & Co.—Please send, with dispatch, twelve dozen Allcock's Porous Plasters. Our daily experience confirms their very superior excellence. At this moment of writing, a man applies for one, who, by entanglement in the shaft of machinery, had both his legs broken, spine severely injured, and was for nearly a year entirely helpless. This man found relief very soon by the application of a plaster to his spine. He was soon enabled to work, and now he labors as well as ever. He would cheerfully pay $5 for a single Plaster if they could not be had at a lower rate. I am surprised that surgeons do not make use of these perforated plasters, to the exclusion of all others, as their flexibility and adhesiveness are greatly in advance of all other plasters with which I am acquainted; while the perforations peculiar to them rendered them greatly superior to all others for ordinary surgical uses. Knowing the Plasters to be so useful, I have no scruples that my sentiments should be known.

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THE DECISIVE BATTLE
HAS BEEN
FOUGHT AND WON

In every State, and City, and Town in the Union, by

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

over all would-be rivals, and the palm of victory is awarded to it for depth and richness of tint, durability, rapidity of action, softening and lubricating properties, and entire freedom from every deleterious or soiling ingredient.

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Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. feb10-3teow

WIT AND HUMOR.

Banking and Exchange.

The mystery of banking and exchange is here very cleverly shown:

On the banks of the noble Susquehanna stands the pleasant village of Clearfield. Like all places of its kind, it has its merchants and its banker, and naturally enough the merchant deposits his funds in bank until his necessities require them. An instance of sharp practice in this connection occurred there a short time ago, which I consider worthy a mention in the Drawer. Mr. M——, a merchant, being on the eve of starting to Philadelphia to purchase goods, called upon Mr F——, his banker, for a large amount of funds which he had from time to time deposited, and which he now would have occasion to use. Having to travel some distance by stage, Mr. M—— was advised by Mr. F—— not to risk carrying the money, but to purchase a draft on a banker in the city. Although exchange was worth one per cent., yet F—— kindly agreed to charge him only five-eighths, whereupon the draft was accepted. The next morning, as M—— was taking his place in the stage, he was hailed by F——, with "I say, M——, I have a small package I wish you would carry to Philadelphia for me." M—— willingly took charge of the package, and finding it addressed to the same party upon whom the draft was drawn, made no delay in delivering it upon his arrival in the Quaker City. Great was his surprise, however, when the gentlemanly banker proceeded to cash his draft by coolly opening the package he had himself carried, taking from thence the amount of his deposits at home less five-eighths per cent., and handing it to him with a polite "Good morning, sir!" M—— thinks Clearfield great on banking, and F—— "some" on exchange.

A Good Day's Work.

Out in Michigan, a number of farmers were sitting in front of a country store at the close of a sultry day, and telling stories about their work, and so on, when one of them took the rag off the whole of them by relating his experience:—

"I say, you have all told whopping big yarns, now; but I'll just tell you what I done once in York state, on the Genessee Flats, and on my father's farm. He owned a meadow just a mile long, and one morning in June I began to mow—sun about an hour high—and mowed right along the whole length of the field. The grass was so heavy that I had to mow down to the lower end of the field, and walk, or as we say, 'carry my swath.' Well, I worked on till sundown, and then quit. I just thought, as the meadow was exactly a mile long, I'd count the swaths, and I did, and there was *one hundred!* That, gentlemen, is what York state folks call a big day's work."

"So you walked two hundred miles that day, did you?" asked one farmer.

"And mowed all the while you were walking?" said another.

"So it seems," replied the great mower. "I tell you the facts, and you can make as much of 'em as you can."

A Fast Horse.

Dave C—— is one of those characters that are to be found in almost every place. He is always driving a horse that he imagines is fast, and putting on even more style than the speed of the horse will warrant.

As he was driving into town recently, he overtook "Uncle Ike," who was well known as a dry joker, and who resolved to "take a little of the conceit out of him," if opportunity offered. As Uncle Ike was afoot, Dave stopped his horse, and asked him to ride.

"No," replied Uncle Ike, "much obliged to you, but I guess not."

"You had better do so," said Dave, eyeing his fast horse with much complacency. "I am going straight into the place, and will take you right through."

"Well," responded Uncle Ike, as he commenced to chime in, "I don't care if I do, as I have plenty of time, and am not in much of a hurry to get there!"

The horse went ahead, but Uncle Ike never again received an invitation to ride with Dave.

The Wrong Side.

A minister of a western village, found, one Sabbath, a notice, which had been cut from the Saturday's newspaper, and placed in his desk for him to read to his congregation. But by a strange coincidence, there happened to be printed on the *other side* of the same slip the advertisement of a certain shoe-dealer, a prominent member of his church, and without turning the paper to read the other side, as the advertisement met his eye, the good man concluded it was expected he would read it, and accordingly to the surprise of all, he announced, at the usual point for reading notices, that "George S. B—— keeps constantly on hand and for sale, a large and well-selected assortment of boots and shoes, which he will sell low for cash, at No. — Street," and added, "Brother B—— is a worthy member of the church and society, and deserving the patronage of the congregation."

The consternation of Brother B—— may be better imagined than described.

COMING DOWN.—The manner in which many of our military heroes are let down to their original level, on their return home, is something more amusing to the lookers-on than flattering to the subject. A case in point: General Sam. H. went out in a regiment from the Badger State as captain. Before he left the rendezvous he was promoted to Colonel, and for gallant conduct in the field was brevetted Brigadier General. On his retirement to civil life he told a friend "they let him down easy." At Washington it was General H.; at Madison, Colonel H.; at the town where he organized his company it was, "How are you, Captain?" and when he got up to S., where he resides, every boy with freckled nose was shouting, "Hallo, Sam!"

A THICK SKULL.—It is related, as an amusing incident, that a lad of a darkey fell from the second story of a window, a distance of fifteen feet, lighting with his head on the flagstones of a sidewalk, in the town of Lynchburg, Virginia. One of the flags was shivered, and it was supposed the boy was killed. Several persons who heard the concussion, repaired at once to the spot. The darkey was on his feet before they fairly reached him, with a broad grin overspreading his countenance. "Golly, massa," said he, "*dem stones, ef dey don't want to get hurt, must keep out of dis nigger's way!*"

A POSER.

MR. BROWN.—"That wine, sir, has been in my cellar four-and-twenty years come last Christmas! Four—and—twenty—years—sir!"

MR. GREEN (desperately anxious to please). "Has it really, sir? What *must* it have been when it was new!"

What Royalty Costs.

In few respects does this government contrast more distinctly with those of Europe than in the salaries paid to our rulers. The President of the United States receives twenty-five thousand dollars a year, and the free use of a ricketty White House situated on the borders of a malarious swamp. Although plenty of people are anxious to secure the office, even at this low salary, yet it is a fact that, in times like these, no one but a rich man ought to wish to be President; for if the national hospitalities are properly administered the incumbent soon finds himself greatly in arrears, and if he endeavors to practice economy the country is disgraced in the opinions of foreign representatives and of the more intelligent of our own countrymen.

The Emperor Napoleon, besides the use of a dozen palaces, in Paris and in the country, which are kept in the most superb order at the public expense, receives a salary of five millions of dollars a year. The Empress has an allowance of one million per annum. The Prince Napoleon receives three hundred thousand dollars. The Princess Mathilde is paid the same sum. The Queen of England is paid a salary of about two and a half millions a year. The Prince of Wales receives half a million, besides his private revenues. The Princess of Wales is allowed fifty thousand dollars a year pin-money. Prince Alfred is paid one hundred thousand dollars per annum; the Princess Royal forty thousand; the Princess Alice thirty thousand; the Queen's aunt, the Duchess of Cambridge, thirty thousand; the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's cousin, one hundred thousand. The national palaces are at the disposal of the royal family, free of cost, and are wholly maintained at the public expense. This is what it costs to have an Emperor or a Queen; but are we not paying our President rather too meanly?

Women.

Theodore Parker, in one of his "sermons," uttered the following, touching women:

There are three classes of women—

First, domestic drudges, who are wholly taken up in the material details of their house-keeping and child-keeping. Their house-keeping is a trade and no more; and after they have done that, there is no more which they can do. In New England it is a small class, getting less every year.

Next, there are domestic dolls, wholly taken up with the vain show that delights the eye and ear. They are ornaments of the estate. Similar toys, I suppose, will one day be more cheaply manufactured at Paris, Nuremburg, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and other toy shops in Europe, out of wax papier-mache, and sold in Boston at the haberdasher's by the dozen. These are nothing beyond their functions as dolls, and hate all attempts to elevate women kind.

But there are domestic women, who order a house and are not mere drudges, adorn it, and are not mere dolls, but women. Some of these—a great many of them—conjoin the useful of the drudge and the beautiful of the doll into one womanhood, and have a great deal left besides. They are wholly taken up with their function as house-keeper, wife, and mother.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AGRICULTURAL ASPERITIES.

We, of the corn and clover fields, as well as we, of the agricultural press, shall never quite convince the majority of those who read and think, that we are in reality the honest, Christian, order-loving class we claim to be, until we shall abandon a few of our unamiable practices—put behind us our self-esteem—at least six eighths of it, forget our asperity of expression, put on more courtesy, suavity, and—here's-my-hand sentiments towards all men and women that circumstances may bring us in contact with, either personally or in print.

We have never yet been able to understand very clearly why writers in agricultural papers and editors of farm journals cannot pass along good naturedly, like editors and correspondents of literary and miscellaneous newspapers, without a mite of the *pretty*, vindictive stabbing at each other with steel pens, so generally indulged in.

Whenever publishers or editors of agricultural papers begin to put on asperity of temper, and indulge in ill-natured personalities, or permit combative correspondents to *punch* each other in print, it is bad for themselves and their publications. Patrons of such publications seeing such a manifest war propensity exhibited, very justly argue that the publisher or editor so "chock full of fight" is not in the most approved mental condition to cater to their wants, and naturally enough turn their patronage towards a more amiable source of supply of the material they require.

Not a week since, an old gentleman farmer—a member of the persuasion of Friends—liberal, energetic, progressive, and wielding a wide influence in society, said to us in his calm, quiet, convincing way:

"Friend Cosmo, I deplore this vindictive spirit that so pervades agricultural society, and in too many instances characterize the agricultural press. I subscribe for and read five journals ostensibly devoted to rural affairs, and I make it an invariable rule, whenever I find an editor indulging in ill-natured personalities, or permitting his contributors to stab each other with their pens, to say:—'*Friend*, thee is unfitting thyself to teach us properly, and filling space with material that we can better do without. I do not need thee any longer—thee may stop sending the paper.' Thus, if my year's subscription has been paid but a month, and I have the journal due for the remaining eleven months, I would rather give the fighting editor and publisher the balance than be disturbed by their personal squabbles, which are nothing to me."

So we drift by a natural induction, from asperities is to

AGRICULTURAL COURTESY.

If there is a printer, publisher, agricultural editor, or practical farmer in the country who can find any just argument against good-will, gentlemanly deportment, and common civility in all our intercourse with each other, either written or oral, we should be glad to have them out with it. We will pay $10 on demand to any one that will produce five ten line paragraphs of reasonable reasons arguing a contrary course.

As we understand the interpretation of the word, *Justice* is the base, Civility the shaft, and Courtesy the polish, and ornamental finish of the eternal monument of *Right* that stands every where between man and man.

We are all entitled to common civility, and civility voluntarily rendered brings with it politeness—habitual courtesy, as surely as the southeast wind brings rain. He who fails in courtesy towards his fellow men and women is always in some degree a social outlaw.

As wealth, influence, popular respectability and scholarly accomplishments are not necessarily adjuncts of ordinary courtesy in all our intercourse with humanity, why not, pray, be a courteous farmer, farmer's wife, daughter, or a polite, just and courteous agricultural editor, as well as a polite professional man, or a courteous court lady? There is nothing in the code human antagonistic to such a condition. Reason, common sense and *Right* invite it from us all.

AGRICULTURAL INDICATIONS.

Whatever the financial condition of the country, flutter among capitalists, fluctuations in manufactured material, or rise and fall in gold, people must eat all the same, and in whatever other direction the economical screw will have need to be applied, the pressure must not come upon the stomach. It will never answer to cut off, or curtail supplies in that direction.

Such being the arbitrary conditions under which we are placed, and those conditions unalterable in the future, it will be seen that our necessities are the producers' opportunities, and must forever remain thus so long as the demand exceeds the supply. As this is likely to be the rule these fifteen years ahead of us, the golden era—represented by greenbacks, fractional, and National currency—nevertheless golden, is with the farmer and stock-breeder, and fruit-grower, dairyman, poultry people and market gardeners.

It will be unreasonable certainly—"Great Expectations" of maintaining war prices for all country productions now that peace reigns again. But the indications of a better future for agriculture and agriculturists were never brighter than they are at present.

A YOUNG AMERICAN FARMER.

No child, or puny baby though—The "AMERICAN FARMER"—of Rochester, N. Y., *John Turner*, editor, publisher and proprietor—springing—not from the ashes of the old *Genesee Farmer*, which is sold, and dead, and gone, absorbed and lost—but like Minerva from the brain of Jove the *Farmer* leaps into life in full panoply and vigor, and stands as steadily in the lists, and on the list of agricultural journals as any champion of them all. The *Farmer* begins by being a first-class agricultural journal from its very first "Peep o' day." Indeed it could not have been any other under the circumstances. Mr Turner brings tact, talent, energy, long experience, and a staff of agricultural contributors that would make any journal a first-class one to the work.

The *American Farmer*, containing forty pages of miscellaneous material—all good, is afforded at the nominal rate of $1 per annum, and our opinion is, that no matter how many, or what other newspapers and agricultural journals a farmer may take, if he does not add the *New "American Farmer"* to the list, he is shutting one eye to his own interest at the rate of about $40 a year.

AGRICULTURAL HONESTY.

There certainly can be nothing inherent in humanity—no atmospheric, climatic, or social reasons why we of the rural regions should hold our moral honesty at a lower figure than the commodity is valued at by commercial men—merchants, manufacturers, and business men generally. Probably the natural standard of honesty averages quite as high among farmers as among any other class of men in the country, but the misfortune is that while temptation to trickery falls upon us all with equal influence, the merchant and manufacturer are armed with *expediency*, while we have per force to fight temptation with bare hands, and a moral protection no more protective than that of other men.

Merchants and manufacturers have their mercantile interests and reputation to maintain. Are protected from temptation by all surrounding influences. Their very "trade marks" are patents of honesty—shields invulnerable to the ten thousand insidious shafts of temptation, that falling equally thick and fast upon the defenceless farmer, spurs him to the commission of a dishonest action, that the merchant or manufacturer with no better defence, would commit just as readily.

If one of our retail merchants were to be detected in using false weights and measures, they might as well "shut up shop" at once. Their avocation would be gone. The countryman in one of our public markets has to-day—say, three dozen prints of butter taken from him by the clerk of the market for being found light weight. Well, next market day here he is again, selling butter as usual, just as fast as ever, and perhaps just as light.

When cotton was worth ten cents a pound down South, and silica was worth much less than nothing, many a bale of cotton crossed the Atlantic, ballasted with seventy five to a hundred pounds of sand.

Some ten days since, the police of the city of Albany made a raid upon the farmers and country butchers, selling their wares in the streets, capturing and confiscating three hundred and sixty odd false scales and measures. Had three hundred and sixty of the fixed retail dealers of Albany been thus convicted of dishonesty, themselves and their business, too, would have been speedily wound up; while these detected, dishonest hucksters, farmers, and rural butchers will likely before this time be at their trade and trickery again.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

BOILED RICE FOR CURRY.

Put the rice down in cold water, and let it come to a boil for a minute or so; then strain it quite dry, and lay it on the hob in a stew pan, without a cover, to let the steam evaporate; then shake it into the dish while very hot. A squeeze of lemon juice after it boils makes it separate better.

HORSERADISH VINEGAR.

Put a quart of best vinegar on three ounces of scraped horseradish, an ounce of minced eschalot, and one drachm of cayenne; let it stand a week, and you will have an excellent relish for cold beef salad, costing scarcely anything.

COCOANUT PIE.

Cut off the brown part of the nut, grate the white part, and mix it with milk, and set it on the fire, and let it boil slowly for five minutes. To a pound of the grated nut allow a quart of milk, eight eggs, four tablespoonsful of sifted white sugar, a glass of wine, two spoonsful of melted butter, and half a nutmeg. The eggs and sugar should be beaten to a froth, then the wine stirred in. Put this into the milk and cocoanut, which should first get cold; then turn it into pie plates, with a lining of puff paste; bake as soon as they are put in the pie plates.

BEEF BALLS.

Mince very finely a piece of tender beef, fat and lean, mince an onion with some parsley, add grated bread crumbs, and season with salt and pepper, grated nutmeg and lemon peel; mix all together, and moisten it with an egg, beaten; roll it into balls, flour and fry them in boiling fresh dripping, serve them with fried bread crumbs, or with a thickened brown gravy.

MINCED BEEF.

Mince your beef very small; put it into a saucepan, with a little gravy and a little of the fat of a fowl, or any other fat, season according to your taste, then let it simmer over a gentle fire till it is sufficiently done.

DYSPEPSIA CAKE.

Five cups of flour, two of sugar, two of milk, a little salt, one teaspoonful of saleratus.

FLANNELS.

All flannels should be soaked before they are made up, first in cold, then in hot water, in order to shrink them.

"Excelsior."

The Portland (Me.) Advertiser says: "A gentleman of this city has related to us an interesting and suggestive anecdote respecting a celebrated poem. It was written in 1838 for a magazine in the city of New York, of which this gentleman was editor. The owner and publisher was an illiterate fellow, who stuttered abominably; and one morning, when our friend, the editor, went into the office, the publisher saluted him with, 'L-l-look here, j-just hear what a blamed p-p-piece of trash L-L-L-Longfellow has sent.' Thereupon, stuttering as he went, and in accents of ineffable contempt as he proceeded to read several of the stanzas, bringing out the 'Excelsior' at the close of each with an expression that defies description. Then he crumpled the manuscript angrily in his hand, declaring that he would send it back and express his opinion to Longfellow of his impudence. He did so. Publisher and magazine have been long buried away from sight and from mind. But the condemned lyric constitutes one of the greenest leaves in the chaplet of perennial verdure that crowns the poet with an honored immortality."

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 20 letters.

My 1, 11, 18, is an animal.

My 2, 15, 2, 16, 8, 20, is a very renowned mount.

My 3, 17, 7, 12, is a narrow tract of land between mountains.

My 4, 13, is a word of doubt.

My 5, 11, 3, 12, is a word of endearment.

My 6, 11, 7, 1, is a metal of great value.

My 7, 12, 8, 5, is a metal of a dull white color.

My 8, 4, 15, is a fluid.

My 9, 7, 19, 18, 18, 14, 15, 5, is a lazy and inactive person.

My 10, 11, 2, 7, is a mineral.

My 11, 19, 20, is the opposite of in.

My 12, 12, 7, is a species of fish.

My 13, 15, 11, 18, is a small, amphibious animal.

My 14, 7, 12, is a liquor made from an infusion of malt.

My 15, 4, 3, 12, 16, has its head at one end, and its mouth at the other.

My whole is a very distinguished officer in the U. S. Navy. M. J. B. BROOKS.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an article of dress.
My second is a kind of grain.
My third is a disagreeable kind of tumor.
My whole is a sign in the zodiac. M. W.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A rule.
One of the great lakes.
A vagrant.
An article of food.
A large river of Europe.

My initials and finals form the names of two "mechanical powers." S. H. G.

Mathematical Puzzle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fifty set down, it matters much which way,
And naught to it add without delay,
And five unto the naught placed at the right hand;
That all in one perfect line may stand,
Then each in four equal parts divide,
And place the first fourth by the side.
The sum thus worked, if rightly done,
Will prove what tempts men risk to run.

Land Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Thomas is the owner of a four-sided tract of land, contained in the 4 corners consecutively A, B, C, and D. The longest line thereof, that between the corners A and B, is 240 perches in length; in this line stands a large elm tree, and from this elm to the third or C corner I measured 140 perches; then returning to the elm I measured to the fourth or D corner, and found that distance 180 perches; when I discovered that by these two measurements taken I had divided said tract of land into three exact equal portions. Will any one inform me the whole area of said Thomas' tract of land?

HILDERBERT KOBEL.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a certain equilateral triangle the lengths of three perpendiculars drawn from a certain point within the triangle on the 3 sides, are respectively, 5705, 3276, and 6344 inches. Required—the length of each side of the triangle.

Cincinnati, O. S. HORACE G.

☞ An answer is requested.

Probability Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An unknown cone is cut by an unknown plane. Required—the probability of the section being an ellipse.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years? Ans.—The letter M.

☞ Why is a hat made of beaver like land that always yields fine crops? Ans.—Because it may be called fertile (fur-tile).

☞ What is every one doing at the same time. Ans.—Growing older.

☞ If you throw a stone into the water, what does it become before reaching the bottom? Ans.—Wet.

Answers to Last.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—The Union must and shall be preserved. CHARADE—Indian (In—di—Ann). RIDDLE—Henry Peterson and Co. RIDDLE—New York. DOUBLE REBUS—Horace and Thomas. (Hart—[illegible]—[illegible]—[illegible]—[illegible]—empress.)

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Sep. 2nd—Length of road 31.20477 rods and area of parts formed by the road running through 1912.12209 and 487.87691 square rods. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM of Nov. 7th. Distance from angular points 9.4 inches, 18.5 inches, and 21.75 inches. Morgan Stevens.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of Jan. 6th—4.4.9 miles. J. M. Greenwood and Morgan Stevens.

☞ According to the Bangor Whig, a member of the Penobscot bar claims in a motion for a new trial, "That the verdict was against law, and the weight of evidence, and that the jury were unduly influenced by the great personal beauty of the female plaintiff."

☞ Some of our Western friends have a talent for the figurative. One of our Tennessee exchanges describes another as "holding its left hand under the swallow-tail of its constitutional dignity, and extending the white nose-wiper of interrogative pathos in its right.